

THE

WATER

& BYSTANDER

AUGUST

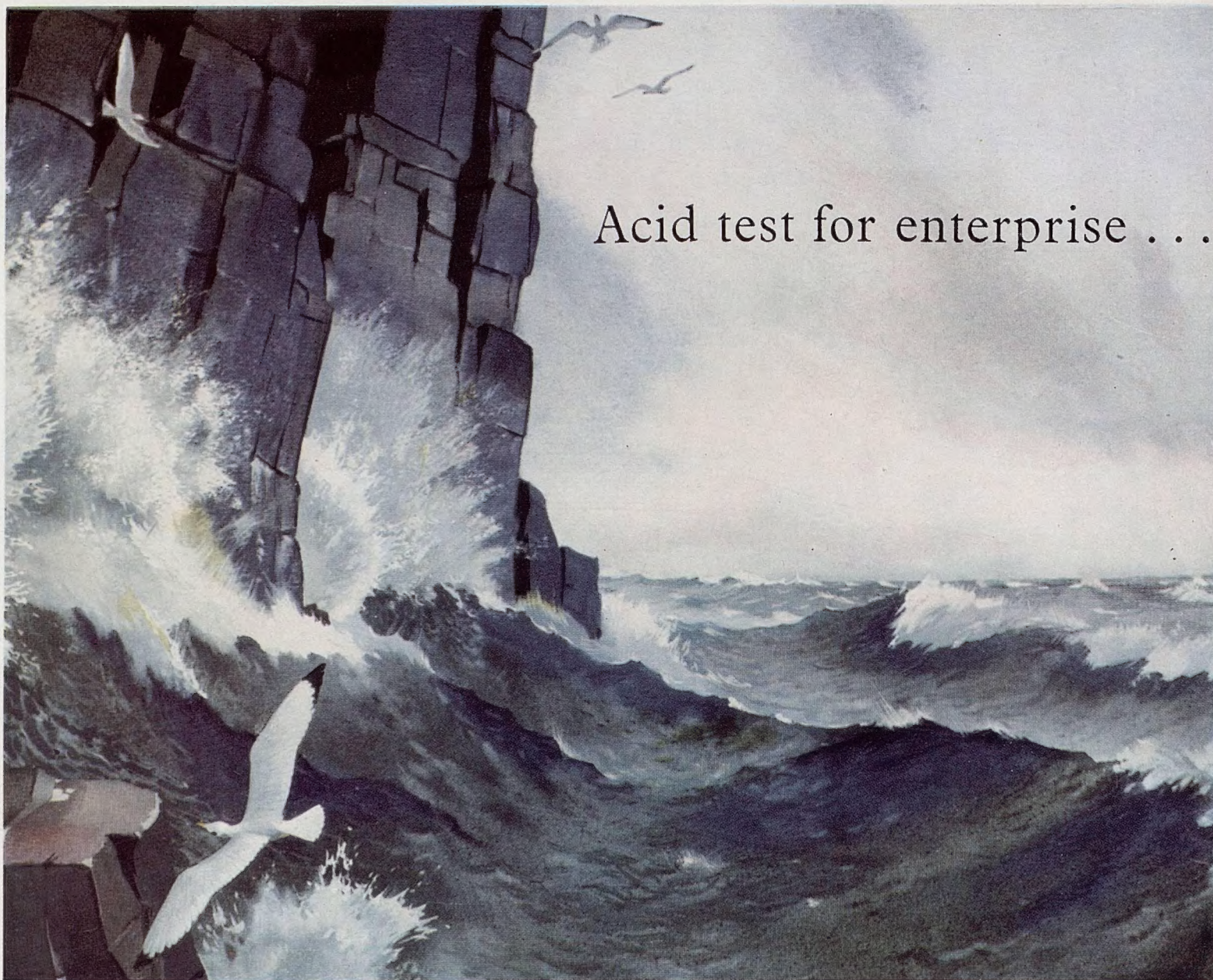
31

1955

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RAYMOND WARREN





Acid test for enterprise . . .

Where the Gulf Stream sweeps deep-sea currents, rich in bromine (a vital ingredient in "anti-knock" petrol), against the shores of Amlwch, in the Isle of Anglesey, Wales, the Associated Ethyl Company Limited has erected a Bromine Extraction Plant. Sea-water gives up its pure bromine only after complex chemical treatments which set free many acid gases. Corrosion by these gases and by the sea-water itself had to be taken into account in designing the many vessels, pipes and other metal and concrete structures which could be attacked. Dunlop prepared special

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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 31 to September 7

August 31 (Wed.) First night of *The Water Gipsies* at the Winter Garden Theatre.

Cricket: M.C.C. Young Professionals v. London Federation of Boys' Clubs.

Surrey v. Derbyshire at the Oval.

Scarborough Cricket Week (to September 9).

Hastings Cricket Week (to September 6).

September 1 (Thu.) Princess Margaret attends a dress show at Hopetoun House, Linlithgow, in aid of the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs.

British Horse Society Three Day Trials at Harewood, Yorks.

Partridge shooting begins.

Kensington Antiques Fair, at Kensington Town Hall (to 8th, excluding Sunday).

Ryde Carnival, Ryde, I.O.W. (to 3rd).

First night *Mr. Kettle and Mrs. Moon* (Duchess Theatre).

Racing: Carlisle, Lincoln, Bath.

September 2 (Fri.) City of Birmingham Show (two days), at Handsworth Park, Birmingham.

Racing: Lanark, Manchester, Folkestone (two days each).

September 3 (Sat.) Motor racing: Aintree International meeting.

Hereford River Carnival.

Gorsedd of the Bards of Cornwall, at Dawns Maen, near Penzance.

September 4 (Sun.) Three Choirs Festival begins at Hereford Cathedral (to 9th).

September 5 (Mon.) Farnborough Air Display, at Farnborough, Hants (to 11th. Public admitted 9th, 10th, 11th).

St. Giles's Fair, Oxford (two days).

First night, *Oxford Eight* (New Watergate Theatre).

September 6 (Tue.) Racing at Doncaster, and Tattersalls' Bloodstock Sales (to 9th).

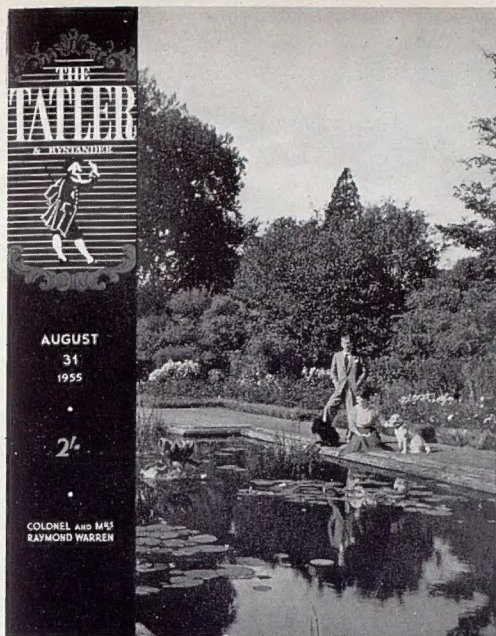
National Exhibition of Children's Art opens at Royal Institute Galleries

September 7 (Wed.) The St. Leger run at Doncaster.

Opening of the oyster fishing season at Whitstable, Kent.

Aboyne Games, Aberdeenshire.

First night: *Julius Caesar* (The Old Vic).



COL. RAYMOND WARREN, O.B.E., M.C., D.L., T.D., and Mrs. Warren, are the owners of one of the most beautiful gardens in Sussex, that of their home The Hyde, near Handcross. Their son and daughter, Mr. Michael and Miss Mary Warren, are seen on our cover beside its lily pond. Col. Warren, who commanded the 4th Bn. Royal Sussex Regt., was High Sheriff of the county in 1938. Both he and his wife are successful cattle breeders, as well as keen horticulturists. Mr. Michael Warren served in the Dragoon Guards on leaving Harrow, and is now farming, while his sister is studying stage production in London with a view to helping Sussex drama groups

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AUG. 31
1955

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The Royal Family as stallholders

THE Queen and her family entered with the greatest enthusiasm into that typical event of a British summer, a church fête, at the castle of Abergeldie near Balmoral. The Queen Mother—here with the Queen, Princess Margaret (who was twenty five the next day) and Princess Anne behind one of the loaded stalls—played a leading part in the organization, and the result of the sale might be termed sensational, no less than £2,200 being raised for Crathie Church

TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH

MISS JEAN PRESLAND, daughter of W/Cdr. and Mrs. Reginald Presland, of Skyross, Birchington, Kent, is to marry in September Mr. Richard Harris, son of Mr. James Harris and Viscountess Scarsdale. Mr. Harris holds a commission in the Honourable Artillery Company



Betty Swaeh

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE PLEASURES OF MAJORCA

TO save time and allow an extra day in Majorca, I flew out to Palma on B.E.A.'s direct night flight. We took off from London Airport at 3 a.m. in a Viscount, and landed in brilliant sunshine at 6.15 a.m. My destination from here was Formentor on the north coast, where on arrival I had the irritating experience of finding my accommodation was not available for twenty-four hours. This in spite of my reservations being made a year ahead, also confirmed and acknowledged in writing this summer.

I heard others had suffered this inconvenience, too.

It was interesting to see how much things had changed in Formentor in four years. Then much of its charm lay in the quiet simplicity, informal clothes and lack of social life in one of the most glorious settings in the world. The place still has great charm, but with so many more visitors here, and indeed all over the island, life has become tremendously social and much more sophisticated. Luncheon, cocktail and dinner parties, and even galas, are now part of the daily routine for many people. An innovation at Formentor this year is

the new, cleverly decorated, Club Nautico, down by the water's edge. Here they serve the most delicious lunch or dinner under trees on a paved terrace by the sea. At mid-night, after the band stops playing for dancing on the terrace of the Formentor Hotel, it moves down here, and there is also a cabaret.

VERY few villas are built around this bay, and these are always full in the summer.

Perhaps the loveliest is the one Mr. Vane Ivanovic and his beautiful wife have, with terraces right down to the sea. Lunching here one day I met Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia and his youngest brother Prince Andrej who were staying with the Ivanovics for two or three weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Ivanovic's three children, Bozo who is at school at Winchester, his ten-year-old sister Minja, and their five-year-old brother Andrija all swim like fishes. The latter already goes under water with a mask on!

Mr. Ivanovic is one of the greatest exponents of underwater fishing in the world and has written several good books on the subject. He goes out from Formentor early most mornings in his boat the Minja, named after his daughter, to enjoy his hobby.

Often accompanying him on these expeditions were Mr. Whitney Straight, another skilled exponent of the sport, who the morning I went out with them killed a 44 lb. sting ray, Mr. Kenneth McAlpine and Lt.-Col. Bill McLean who is Mr. Ivanovic's brother-in-law. The latter skin dives, and has become expert in the destruction of moray eels.

MRS. IVANOVIC's sister Mrs. McLean was also staying at the villa with her enchanting young family of four—her fifteen-year-old twin daughters Tessa and Marina Kennedy, who promise to be two of the prettiest débutantes of 1957, her schoolboy son Alex Kennedy, and Caroline who is nine. To complete this very happy houseparty Mr. Ivanovic and Mrs. McLean's mother, Mme. Banac, came over from her home at Monte Carlo to stay for a couple of weeks. She is one of the most gracious and endearing personalities, with numerous friends. In prewar days she was one of the great hostesses not only at her homes in Yugoslavia, Italy and France, but also on her yacht in the Mediterranean. Mr. Philip Dunn had rented a villa nearby and had his two daughters

Serena and Nell and some of their young friends staying, also Sir Robert and Lady Throckmorton.

SENOR RODRIGUEZ, until recently Venezuelan Ambassador in London, and his charming wife and five children had taken Villa Roig and were enjoying the delights of Formentor. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Heywood-Lonsdale came out to stay with the gay and amusing Marchesa Carmen Esnault-Peltre at her villa where she spends the summer and entertains many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine and Caroline McAlpine and his brother Mr. Kenneth McAlpine and Miss Patricia Jeans were on board a motor yacht which they had chartered for a few weeks and had anchored in Formentor Bay. They came ashore most days and joined in many of the social festivities.

Staying in the Formentor Hotel were Marchese and Marchesa Livio Theodoli. He is Minister at the Italian Embassy in London. They had motored out, making a leisurely journey through France, and were doing the same on their return journey. Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks, a charming and popular couple, were both looking extremely well and very bronzed after a couple of weeks in the Mediterranean sunshine.

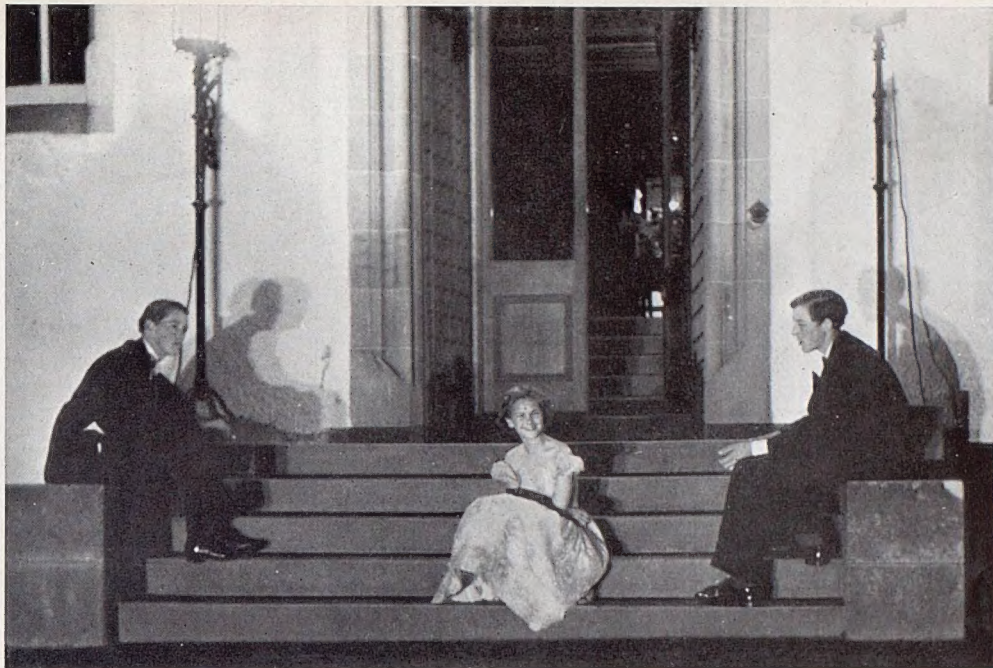
ANN LADY ORR-LEWIS was there, also Sir Henry and Lady Price on a quiet holiday; they had their adopted son and daughter, David and Patricia, with them. Both the latter, like the other young people in these parts, were in and out of the water swimming much of the day. Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight were also staying in the hotel, and able to supervise the construction of the fine villa they are building overlooking Formentor Bay, which they hope will be finished in the spring. They had their very sweet elder daughter Camilla with them, who was one of the young people energetically playing tennis every evening as well as sometimes water-skiing and swimming two or three times a day. Mr. Straight had his two very smart boats moored besides the jetty, named Camanda I and II after his two daughters. Camanda I is a small blue speedboat made of aluminium, ideal for water-skiing, and this summer has been a familiar sight streaking across the bay.

Camanda II is a very neat fibreglass motor boat, in which the Straights and their friends went off on interesting trips.

IMOTORED over and lunched at the very well run Bendinat Hotel, just outside Palma, which was very full. The Minister of State, Mr. Anthony Nutting, was having a well-earned rest here before he returned to Whitehall and then on to America for a big conference. With him were his attractive wife and their children John, David and eight-year-old Zara. The latter had learnt to swim this summer and was already competing with her two brothers in the sea. Mrs. Peter Cazalet had come down to join them for a couple of weeks with her eldest son Richard Strutt, who also swims well.

At the Bendinat I also met the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, Mrs. Edith Cameron with Mr. and Mrs. Delme-Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Kingham who were spending their third summer here, and Mrs. Everard Gates whose son, Mr. Christopher Wells, had also been staying here, but had just left to visit friends in the South of France before going on to Austria to stay at Schloss Mittersill near Kitzbühel to shoot chamois.

From the Bendinat we motored on to Paguera to have drinks with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. They were staying at the new Villamil Hotel with their three daughters, and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe was visiting them for a few days before she went on to stay with Sir John



ON THE STEPS OF BLAIR CASTLE, Perthshire, seat of the Duke of Atholl, were Mr. Shane Summers, Miss Tessa Hopkinson and Mr. Martin Summers. They were guests at the dance given there by the Scottish Horse, a unit of irregulars formed during the Boer War, and the event was highly successful, the seven-hundred-year-old castle forming an ideal setting

Miss Sally Probart Jones dancing a waltz with Mr. Richard Benthall during the evening



Miss Joy Sanderson was here being partnered in a slow fox-trot by Mr. G. M. Bell



The Marchioness of Lansdowne was talking, between dances, with Major David Butter



Capt. Neil Ramsay, Mlle. Marie Claire Pagon from France, and Mrs. R. B. Adderley

Swabe

Continuing The Social Journal

Villa-dwellers of
the island

and Lady Marriott in the South of France. We sat out on the large shady terrace watching the sunset over this lovely little bay with its sandy beach.

The Fairbankses told me they sometimes went round to bathe at the adjacent little bay called Califormelle, which is another enchanting spot with good bathing and where there is also a small hotel, but not so recently built as the Villamil.

Quite near Paguera the Marquis and Marquise del Merito have a magnificent villa, formerly owned by Rudolph Valentino's widow, where they give delightful parties which are much enjoyed by their many friends. A little farther along this coast near Palma, the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Somerset are staying at the Villa Andrex. They spend much of their day on their schooner, the Thanet, which they have out here for the summer.

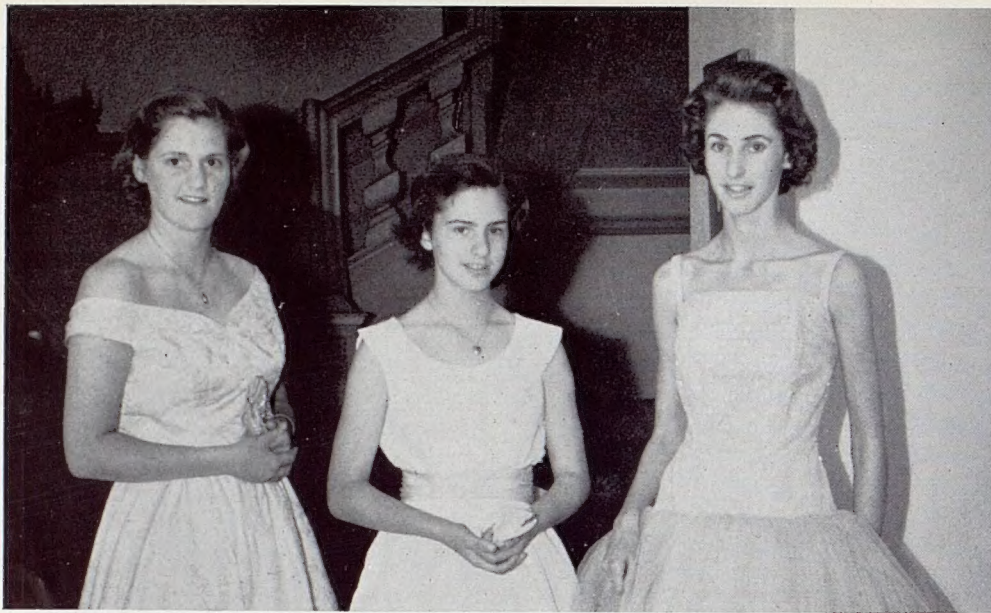
On our way back to Formentor we stopped to have dinner out of doors at the Patio Restaurant, where the food is excellent. Later, motoring on through the city, the magnificent cathedral, floodlit, presented a wonderful sight.

MY last evening in Majorca I went to a delightful cocktail party given by Señor and Señora de Cardenas. This took place at their enchanting home Can Zura, just outside Pollenza. Señora Cardenas has made a charming house out of what was originally an old mill. Part of it dates back to the twelfth century and many of the features, including the old beams of this part, have been retained. She has made balconies outside the bedrooms, and put in bathrooms, most attractive fireplaces and clever lighting.

Many of the guests enjoyed their drinks out in the cleverly lit garden, which is full of sweet scented flowers, choice trees and shrubs, with ornamental water and even a waterfall coming in over the old stone ramparts—unlike many houses in Majorca there is unlimited water here.

Señor Cardenas, who has a very fine collection of books both here and in their Madrid home, was a great personality in the Diplomatic Corps, and for eleven years was Spanish Ambassador in Washington where they were both much beloved. Señora Cardenas's nephew, M. Douglas Auffimorolt, who lives in Paris, and his very attractive wife were staying with them for a few weeks. I also met a very amusing and vivacious personality, Baroness Claret, who was staying at the Hotel Illador at Puerto Pollenza. She has recently written a book called *Counted Hours* part of the setting being taken from this house.

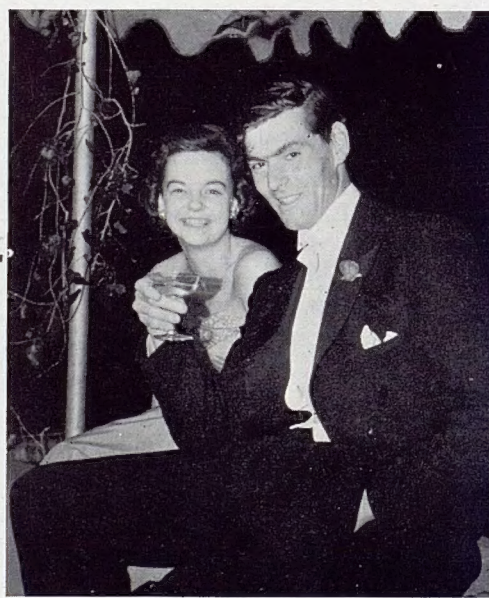
AFTER a few days in this lovely island I flew on to Nice to visit Antibes, Monte Carlo and St. Tropez. My flight from Palma allowed me three hours in Barcelona, just time to drive around the city. Before I left the airport I met Mr. Peter Michell, B.E.A.'s very charming and capable manager here for the past four years. He had just been seeing Mr. Peter Masefield, the vice-chairman of B.E.A., who had stopped at Barcelona on his way back from conferences in America and was going on to a business appointment in Nice. I also met Mr. Reggie Williams who had just come in off a plane from Milan. He was on his way to join his wife and daughter for a holiday at Tamarin on the Costa Brava, where they have taken a villa again this summer. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, looking very cool in a blue



A COMING-OF-AGE PARTY was given at her home, Fairnington, Kelso, for Miss Jan Leggat, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leggat, where her friends, who had come to wish her good luck, enjoyed a delightful evening of true Scottish hospitality. Above, Miss Jan Leggat (right) with her sisters, Miss Frances Leggat (centre) and Miss Moira Leggat



Miss Fiona Ross, Sir Henry Dundas, Miss Margaret Scott, daughter of Lord and Lady William Scott, and the Master of Reay



Miss Sarah Platt and Mr. Ronnie Thorburn were having refreshments under a gay awning which had been set up outside on the terrace

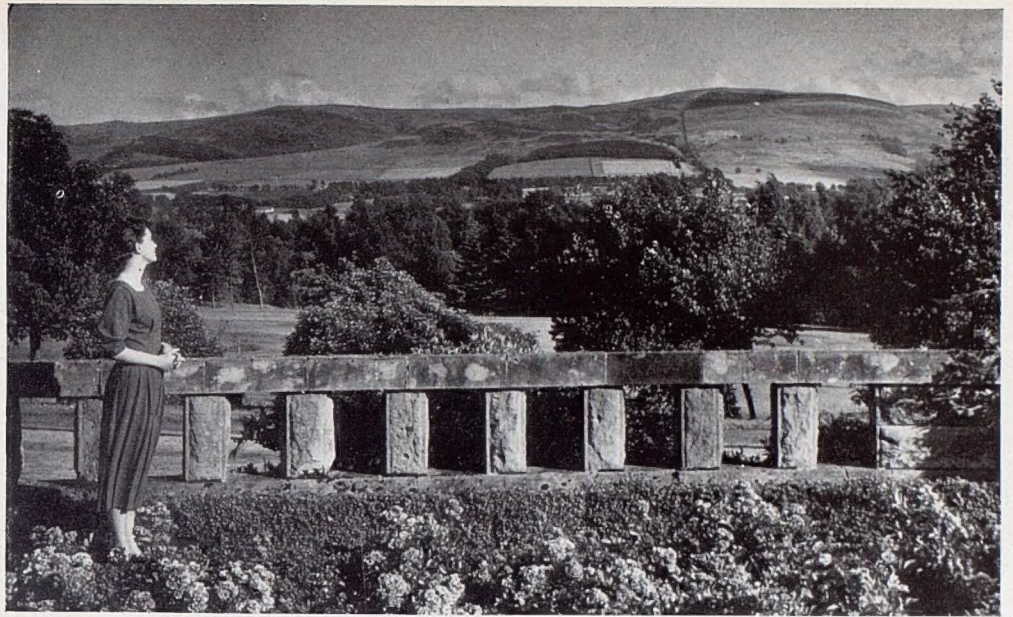


Preparing to drink a toast to Miss Leggat on the attainment of her majority were Mr. John Ballantyne, Miss Caryll Zidgler, Miss Jennifer Bell and Mr. Robert Scott Kerr

Clapperton

printed dress, was also at the airport on her way to Nice, as I mentioned earlier, to stay with Sir John and Lady Marriott.

AT Nice Airport I found M. Naniche, B.E.A.'s very efficient manager, having a busy time meeting important visitors. H.R.H. the Duke of Kent had just arrived on a plane from London. He was on his way to stay with M. Louis Camus and his family and a party of young friends at Villa Les Benveneguts, at Cap Camarat, in Le Var. Young M. Alain Camus was at the airport to meet the Duke with Miss Teresa Crossley, who was looking fresh and cool in a shirt and shorts. The British Ambassador Sir Gladwyn Jebb and Lady Jebb, with their daughter Vanessa, were there too to greet the Duke. They had just met their young son who had stopped there while flying to Africa. Later M. Naniche met Lord Balfour of Inchrye, a former Under-Secretary of State for Air, who was recently appointed a director of B.E.A.



IN THE HEART OF PERTSHIRE holidaymakers at Gleneagles Hotel have been making the most of this magnificent summer. Above, Miss Mary Weeks looks out over a striking ornamental terrace in the hotel grounds to the beautiful countryside beyond—one of the most picturesque views in Scotland

I SPENT my first couple of days at Antibes, staying at La Garoupe which is undoubtedly the most beautiful property in the South of France. It is owned by the Hon. Lady Norman, widow of the late Sir Henry Norman, and her children. There is a very long sea frontage and six or seven enchanting villas on the property, which are always greatly in demand to rent when the family do not need them, the biggest being the magnificent Château de La Garoupe which M. and Mme. Stavros Niarchos have taken again this season. They all have exquisite gardens—Lady Norman is a great horticulturist—and there are acres of orange orchards with red roses growing between the trees, olive groves and pine woods. Lady Norman is there for the summer, also Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman.

The latter, who is so attractive and renowned for her chic and lovely clothes, is one of the best hostesses of this generation. She entertains superbly with attention to every detail, whether it be in one of their villas at La Garoupe, at their little house at Roundhill, Montego Bay, Jamaica, their country house in Oxfordshire, or their roomy flat in London, where they have a magnificent collection of pictures and beautiful antique furniture.



Miss Joy Wedderspoon, daughter of Sir Thomas Wedderspoon, and Miss Jane Tillotson, who are at Queen's College, London



Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey out golfing. Their son married Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton last year

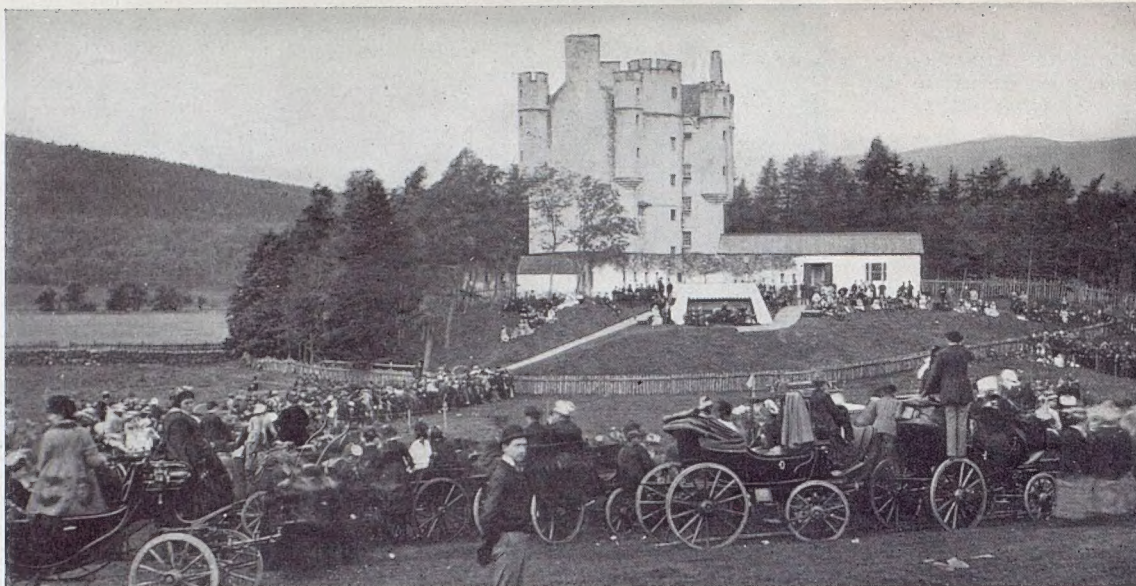
LUNCHING or dining on the terrace of La Clocher de la Garoupe, where the Antony Normans are spending this summer, is always one of the most pleasant experiences, and among those who have enjoyed it recently are Sir Gladwyn and Lady Jebb who had motored over from Mr. Eric Dunston's Villa Moulin Mourachonne, at Mouans-Sartroux, which they had taken for August. Lady Jebb, a great advocate of gay and pretty clothes, looked enchanting in a beautifully cut pink piqué suit. Count and Countess Riccio were lunching that day, also Mr. and Mrs. Terence Morrison-Scott who were staying at the Hotel de Cap, and Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Villiers who were staying in M. and Mme. Jean Rheims lovely villa Beau Revoir at Antibes.

Other luncheon guests during that week included the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, Lord Ennisdale who had come over from Cannes, Count and Countess Alphonse Kinsky who had motored over from Croix-Valmer, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sigrist who were staying in Monte Carlo, Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis, on their way from their lovely villa at Cannes to spend the weekend at their villa in the mountains, Loelia Duchess of Westminster, who was leaving a few days later for Venice and a cruise in the Mediterranean, and M. Jacques Segard, owner of the Domaine de Pibonsom, one of the loveliest villas in the South of France, which was originally built for the late Viscountess Rothermere.



Mrs. R. C. Hudson with her daughter, Miss Mary Plumb, and their dogs, the spaniel "Dusty," and Labradors "Miss Gambol," "Mrs. Jane" and "Zebo"

Swabe



A view of the Royal Gathering outside Mar Castle for the Games of 1874

BRAEMAR'S WORLD-GATHERING

LORD CARNEGIE, who writes here of one of the most important occasions in the Highland year, the Royal Highland Gathering at Braemar, held tomorrow, is deeply interested in Scottish history and folklore. He is the son and heir of the Earl of Southesk, and heir presumptive to the Dukedom of Fife. He saw service with the Scots Guards in Malaya

AT this time of year we are likely to hear a great deal of talk about the Highland Games—or Gatherings to give them their correct title—yet a large number of people have only a vague idea of what it is all about.

There are thirty principal Gatherings, and they take place from early June until late September each year in Scotland, while others are held in Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the U.S.A. The chief Gathering is that of the Braemar Royal Highland Society at the world famous village of Braemar set in the midst of hill country. Here is a magnificent amphitheatre with a background of purple heather, rushing river and pine forests.

This Gathering has been held for many

hundreds of years. Indeed tradition says that King Malcolm Canmore, who had a residence at Braemar, held games to test the fitness of his warriors in the eleventh century in the Braemar country. Once the hunting lodge of kings, Kindrochit Castle, which lies in the heart of the village and goes almost unnoticed by thousands of visitors, sprang into prominence in the fourteenth century when Robert II hunted in Mar.

ONE of the many interesting features of this meeting is that it always takes place on the first Thursday of September, that day having been agreed upon by three former Chieftains in order not to interfere with their grouse shooting and deer stalking!

The Patrons at the present time are Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. Princess Arthur

of Connaught, the Duchess of Fife and Capt. A. A. Farquharson of Invercauld, and the Gathering is held in the recently renamed Princess Royal and Duke of Fife Memorial Park.

THE twelve members of the committee are voluntary organizers who each have their particular trade and profession in the village of Braemar, and any money received from this meeting is given to charity.

This year represents yet another milestone in the story of Royal Deeside, for it was on September 7, 1855, exactly a hundred years ago, that Queen Victoria made Balmoral Castle her Scottish retreat. She first attended the Gathering however in 1848, and it is owing to her example and great personal interest that it has been a Royal occasion through the reigns of six successive Sovereigns.



Queen Victoria and members of her family in the Royal Pavilion at Clunie Park, Invercauld



The Queen talking to the Marquess of Aberdeen at last year's Games. On the left are Princess Margaret and Prince Philip, on the right the Queen Mother and Lord Carnegie, writer of this article

The leading spirits who founded the Gathering as we know it today were a few enterprising joiners and tradesmen who in 1816 formed themselves into a body which is now the Braemar Royal Highland Society. In addition to social evenings they inaugurated an annual procession which was known as "The Wright's Walk." The dress worn for this procession consisted of the white linen apron which they wore for their daily work, and also a colourful sash. As at the present time, the aim of the Braemar Wrights' Friendly Society was the charitable assistance of the sick and aged, funeral benefits, and annuities to widows. The members of the Society were encouraged to learn the Gaelic language and to wear the Highland dress, which today is compulsory for all competitors.

I OFTEN wonder if the full significance of this, and other Highland Gatherings, is fully understood by all who visit them. The idea springs primarily from the ever-present wish of the Celt to excel in physical well-being, and to express his instinctive love of pageantry, music, dancing and sport. These Gatherings are indeed the very essence of the old Scottish tradition of the Clans, the Chieftain and his people using them as a means of meeting in remote districts.

But what shall we say of the thousands of visitors who attend the Gathering today? Though the spirit is the same the scene is very different. The silent glens of the past are now filled with the colour and noise of modern transport which has come from all corners of the world, and the enthusiasm of the crowds is such that anyone who can claim even the smallest connection with a Highland Clan shows no hesitation in advertising the fact! Mixing with the Highlanders from the Balmoral estate wearing the Royal Stewart tartan, Duff Clansmen from the Mar estate wearing the MacDuff tartan, and Highlanders from the Invercauld estate wearing the Farquharson tartan, are members of the Clan New York complete with horn-rimmed spectacles and tartan "creations," the Mayfair

Highlanders with shooting-sticks, and even on one occasion a member of the Sioux Indian Clan wearing an eagle's feather at a jaunty angle in his hair!

AND now a word or two about what the visitor of today may expect to see and hear. The Pibroch contests start early in the morning and appeal to a particular group of Highlanders. The Pibroch is the classical music of the Highland bagpipe and must not be confused (as it sometimes is) with the "lesser" bagpipe music such as Strathspeys, reels and jigs. Pibroch playing demands great concentration and dexterity in fingering.

The immensely popular Highland dancing is an art handed down through the ages from one generation to another. Dances such as the Highland Fling, the Shean Trews and the Sword Dance, have each their own sequence of steps and the technique displayed by the dancers takes many years of practice to achieve.

BALLETOMANES are always fascinated by the close association between Highland dancing and ballet, both as having for basis the same general positions. These date back to the days of the "Auld Alliance," and the steps and their names reflect even up to this day the influence of the French. When the Highland dancer holds his hands aloft he makes a movement representing the antlers of a stag, and his footwork illustrates the elusive movement of the hind leaping from rock to rock.

Most thrilling and spectacular of the events in the heavy-weight section is the Tossing of the Caber. The Caber varies in size from 15 to 19 feet in length, and weighs anything from 1½

to 2 hundredweight, the diameter at the base being ten inches and the point five inches. To toss the Caber is a very difficult feat demanding not only great physical strength but a perfect sense of judgment and balance. The competitor endeavours a complete toss by turning the Caber over from the spot upon which he is standing. This game was first thought of in the old days by woodmen who had passed their spare time by attempting to toss the trees which they had cut.

Another of the heavy-weight events, Throwing the Hammer, was the particular sport of blacksmiths which they practised near their smithies when the day's work was over. Likewise Putting the Stone started with Highlanders taking big smooth stones from the bed of the river and hurling them as far as they could. This section is completed by the various styles of wrestling. In the field of light athletic events there are the Half Mile and Mile Races, 100 yards Sprint, Running High Leap, and Long Leap, and Vaulting.

FINALLY, the memory of the massed pipers heralding the arrival of Her Majesty the Queen with H.R.H. Prince Philip, and the subsequent march past the Royal Pavilion and around the arena, is unforgettable. The massed bands at Braemar are the finest in Scotland, as they play age-old melodies that set our feet dancing and our nerves tingling. It is a scene that fills even the most unimpressible with pride.

Go where you will, there is no Gathering quite like Braemar, with its undying memory of bagpipes, tartan, and friendship.

Lord Carnegie wishes to acknowledge information given him by Mr. George B. Lowe of the Arbroath Herald Press for the purposes of this article.



A competitor in the sword dancing last year—Robert Watson of Aberdeen

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"They make a point of being humble about it"

HORACE GREELEY HJALMAR SCHACHT is pink of face and has small, shrewd eyes. There can be few personalities still alive (he is 78 years of age) who have been so intimately connected with the march of world events.

If you care to forget about Martin Bormann, who disappeared when Hitler's Reich collapsed and may be still alive, Schacht is the only one in circulation. His instinct for survival is strong.

I was talking to him the other night and I found him indestructible. He is bluntly contemptuous of the Hitler régime of conquest, not, I suspect, because he had anything against it but because it failed. Dr. Schacht is not a man in love with failure.

He likes success and for that reason has come to London to plead a cause, which is that German industrialists are better and more clever people than German militarists.

So, if he is right, we have wasted half our lives in contest with the German military machine.

Bismarck tried, but both the Kaiser and Hitler failed.

But the Germans are not through with the game yet.

★ ★ ★

WHAT they want to do is to exploit the British mandatory territories.

He complains that he has to get British Government permission to go trading in the Cameroons and I asked him why he thought he should be allowed to do this. He said why not? It was a perfectly civil thing to be allowed to do. I told him that I thought that if the Germans had failed to capture the Ukraine by force of arms (for there lies the greatest source of wealth, in wheat and coal, that is available to Germany) I could see no reason why he should now be given free permission to exploit other parts of the world, by peaceful means or no.

He grew angry at this. "I never agreed with Hitler," he said. "The Ukraine belonged to Russia. We had no right to send in armed troops to grasp something that did not belong to us."

But the Cameroons he would like to trade in.

This, as you can see, became an argument and there were others who

felt the same way as I do, that if the Germans have lost the battle for "a place in the sun," because they chose to try to take it by force of arms (and very nearly did), they have no right now, ten years later, to ask for trading rights which they didn't ask for before.

I lost my argument.

For I soon noticed that the people standing around me disapproved of the way the quarrel was going. They thought that it was most unfair to attack an old enemy. The past is past and we should be courteous to our guests.

★ ★ ★

THREE men said to me "Disgraceful, talking to a man like that." They thought it was a bad show, and the more Dr. Schacht protested that he wanted to trade in British territories the more they agreed with him.

I cannot agree.

I know that war is old fashioned, and a stupid means by which a nation can find its way in the sun, but I do not see why that should entitle the Doktor to come to London, for the purpose of selling a book, in order to plead the old theory that the British should lose the rights they took by conquest because the Germans now think they can do by trading what they failed to do by strife.

Half a lifetime is long enough to prove them wrong.



"... different from talking to Bertrand Russell"

I HAVE noticed a severe deterioration recently in the standard of conversation and that is due, I think, to the general desire of people to be popular with children and animals. Talking to a spaniel is different from talking to Bertrand Russell, although he would not agree.

★ ★ ★

FIRE brigade officers arrived, to their dismay, to investigate an explosion which took place in the bureau of Sir Edward Elgar, so many years after his death.

Mr. William Reed has been able to explain to them how it all happened.

And Mr. Reed has given me the clue to how the Edwardians lived.

Elgar liked playing pranks, liked going racing, liked smoking big cigars. Although he was deeply fond of women, which you can notice from his music, he lived a private, boyish kind of life all by himself.

One day, says Mr. Reed, he made a phosphoric concoction which, when dry, would "go off" by spontaneous combustion. The amusement was to smear it on a piece of blotting paper and then wait for the catastrophe. One day he made too much paste; and when his music called him and he wanted to go back to the house, he clapped the whole of it into a gallipot, covered it up, and dumped it into the water butt, thinking it would be safe there.

Just as he was getting on famously a sudden and unexpected crash shook the room. The water butt had blown up.

Perhaps, says Mr. Reed, witnesses would tell whether the explosion at Lower Broadheath was followed by any other sounds that could be described as Olympian laughter.

Laughter?

Sir Edward Elgar could have been laughing at Sir Malcolm Sargent. For Sir Malcolm is given to pranks himself.

★ ★ ★

FATNESS won't do. Seventeen stone William Gaertner was ordered by a judge at Bay City, Michigan, to lose 50 lb. of his weight as

part of his two-year sentence for embezzlement.

Mrs. Lilian Korzen was also ordered by a Chicago divorce court judge to slim 64 lb. from her 13st. 8 lb. because her husband complained she was too fat. Mrs. Korzen, aged 42, has done what the judge told her to do, but she says: "I love my diet now, but I hate my husband. . . ."

Poor lady. She seems to have lost the game both ways.

★ ★ ★

I GREATLY admired Mr. S. J. Perelman, who is a leading American humorist, when I met him. He looks like a miniature Groucho Marx, if you can imagine such a being. And he has no pretensions to fame at all, for he writes, he says, to make money. "and to keep my family out of Marshalsea Prison."

Mr. Perelman used to work in Hollywood, where they locked him up in a writers' room from 9 a.m. in the morning until six at night. "The hours and the jobs were the same, but the secretaries changed," he said. "I did not like it."

I am sorry he did not, for he wrote some of the early, famous, Marx Bros. film scripts.

It was interesting for me to talk to him, for his modesty was alarming. He would not say a single thing to his own credit, although it is well known what a creditable man he is. I began to be faintly amused when I realized that he was behaving like any American humorist. From Mark Twain to James Thurber they have always been apologizing for themselves. There is no harm in it. The great point, of course, is that American funny men know so well that American living is not funny at all. And so they have to apologize for being humorous in any way that takes their fancy.

They make a point of being humble about it.

Mr. Perelman was most charmingly humble. He did not mind if his wisecracks fell flat. That is the fate of the funny man.

• • •

RIVER-HAZE

*Swans in the morning air—
so still the stream
that still the willows wear
their cloak of dream.*

*Deep in the shallows, dappled by the light,
the fish pursue the tattered veils of night,
smoke from the farm floats like Rapunzel's
hair,
a legend on the quivering summer air. . . .*

*Delicious hour, when nothing seems to
matter—
rights, wrongs, rejoicings—even the
regatta!*

—LORNA WOOD

CHARLES ADDAMS, the famous American cartoonist creator of the macabre Addams gallery of characters, is to join the brilliant band of contributors to The TATLER. His drawings in this journal will be "world premières." They will have appeared nowhere else previously, either in this country or the U.S., and the first will be printed in our issue of September 14.



THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR, who presides over the Royal Braemar Games which take place tomorrow in the presence of the Royal Family, is one of the most revered figures in the Highlands, whose welfare in an age of progress which tends to leave remote rural communities behind, he has done much to promote. But in recording this, it must not be forgotten that the civic life of London, too, is much in his debt, for he was for nearly twenty-five years a member of the L.C.C., becoming Deputy-Chairman and Alderman in the twenties, with special interest to parks and town planning. During the war he was Chief Observer of the Royal Observer Corps from 1939-43, and did a great deal to assist in the formation and recruiting of this new arm of service. He has been Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire since 1934

AT BRIGHTON HORSE SHOW

LEADING British show jumpers took part in the successful Brighton Horse Show. Below, Miss Dawn Palethorpe with Holywell Surprise, who competed in the Trial Stakes, and (right) Miss D. Russell riding her entry Private Enterprise in the Brighton Nursery Stakes



At the Races

A LIMP MARKET

THE almost total lack of business on the St. Leger, reported on all hands at the two call-overs at the Victoria Club, was not very surprising since never within the memory of the oldest, and most toothless, racing inhabitant, has the dead season been more dead; and anyway, it does not look like being a very glittering contest with the key horse practically certain to go for that more richly endowed Arc de Triomphe.

Phil Drake could take his pick, for I am sure that his partial, and very pardonable, lapse after his right and left in the Derby and the Grand Prix, has by now been recouped. If he goes for the Leger it is probable that all the rest of the colts, even Vimy, can stay at home for I doubt whether we have any of that sex anything like good enough.

WE have yet to find out whether Acropolis is as good as he is cracked up to be, and many doubt whether he is. The going at Doncaster may have been more to his taste than some of it has been this season, but that is not the whole story. Is he class enough? The lady of the party, Meld, I should say is pretty sure to beat him at the sex allowance; and a second question is, is he good enough to beat any of the Frenchmen, bar Phil Drake?

As to this completely placid market I do not believe that too much need be made of it, for, surely, it is a bit early on yet, and it is, furthermore,

common knowledge that ante-post betting has been on the decline for a number of years. In the days of "The Plungers," when there were no professional bookmakers, it reached its peak, and it has erupted at intervals since then.

I do not suppose that anyone would seriously contend that there is the volume today that there was the day before yesterday. Starting price betting had not been invented in the times of "The Mad Marquess," or even in those of that other madman, Jack Mytton. Heavy wagering of course there was, but it was almost exclusively between man and man. They had no Victoria Club; they had The Rooms at Newmarket of course, and there were also plenty of people at Crockford's, now a most respectable club, who were ready "to cut the light pack or call the rattling main," or bet on anything from a horse to a gamecock; but

nowadays it is all very different and, thank goodness, we have done with those bad old times.

We are much more sedate, and infinitely more sober! No one drinks three bottles of port after dinner; no one fights duels. (More is the pity, says some, because it made people far more polite.) Fencing, incidentally, is so good for the waistline, and for inducing a quick eye!

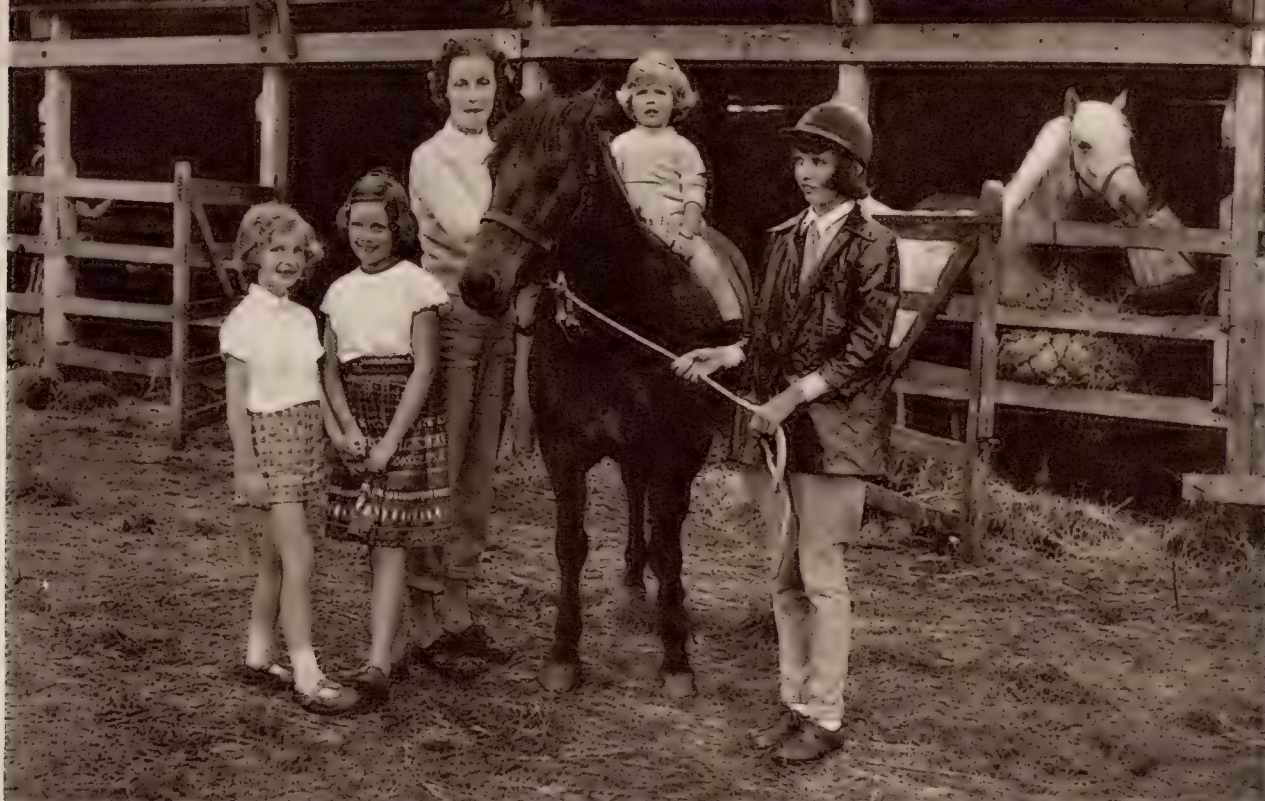
TO turn to something else of the moment, we have not so far heard anything about the first Midsummer Meeting in the Moon, and I do not believe that even the Stewards of the Jockey Club have. All this inter-planetary talk has set so many people on their toes, and the moonrakers *do* take themselves so very seriously. Anyway when they do start, they ought not to have much difficulty in finding appropriate titles for some of their main events, if the moon kindly consents to stop being frost bound! How about the Loony Derby, the March Hare Stakes or the Batty Annie Plate?

As soon as our Stewards get the news, there is sure to be an ugly rush by the bookies to stake claims for pitches on the rails! Perhaps, however, the Martians will get in first, and, if they do, there ought to be plenty of chances for bold water jumpers over their yawners. We do not yet know about the racing and chasing prospects on Jupiter or Saturn, but I expect they are pretty good, and anyway they have got plenty of room, much more than we have.

All this is said on the assumption that they have got any horses, for possibly it will be giant grasshoppers that they will be using! You never know! A well-schooled mammoth flea is also a possibility.



—SABRETACHE



Rosemary Neame, and Belinda Holmden bid Campsie good morning

YOUNG CAVALIERS CAMP IN WESSEX

SIXTY-THREE members of the thriving Blackmore Vale Hunt Pony Club had their annual camp at Sparkford, Somerset. Every morning, after rising early and attending to their ponies, they set out for the beautiful grounds of Sparkford Hall, where they were coached by expert instructors. Above, Miranda Marrow, Francis Du Platt Taylor, Mrs. Charles Marrow, Priscilla Marrow and Jennifer Marrow



Jennifer King was about to give her pony a well-deserved lump of sugar



Breakfast for Sally Hunt's Thomas, combined with a good brush down

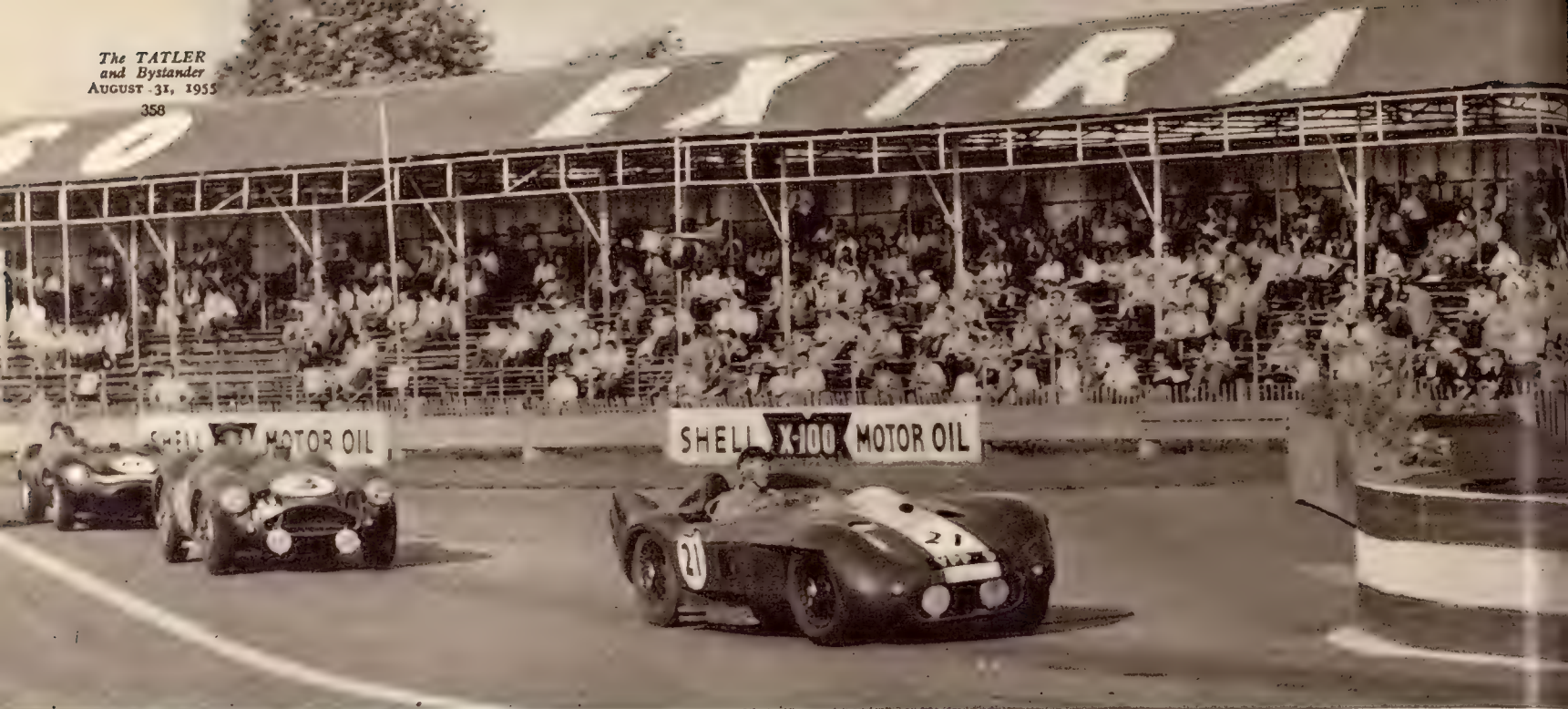


Peter King, Nicholas George and Sandra Wheeler, three more campers



Sarah Fox-Pitt and April Harding with the former's pony Sunbeam

Victor Yorke



JOCKEYING FOR POSITION around the Paddock Bend at 6 p.m. were Holt's Lister-Bristol, Poore's Aston Martin, and D. Titterington's Jaguar

SPORTS CARS AT GOODWOOD HAD NINE HOURS MARATHON

THIS quite remarkable spectacle is the only chance we in this country have of seeing long-distance motor-racing at night. If for no other reason, therefore, the British Automobile Racing Club should be congratulated on bringing it back into the British motor-racing calendar.

It is a race for "sports cars," which here means racing cars with lights and self-starters and other slight embellishments, but bearing no noticeable kinship to the motors which we know as sports cars on the public highway. David Brown's Aston Martins won the race in 1952 and 1953—no race was held last year—and they have been romping through all opposition this year: before that it was Jaguars all the way.

A BATTLE royal between these two marques was confidently expected this year, and so it turned out; but in the event it was not the officially entered "Jags," that chased Walker and Poore's Aston Martin right up to the checkered flag, but a privately entered one from the remarkably successful "Ecurie Ecosse," driven by the "head lad" Ninian Sanderson, and Desmond Titterington. Hour after hour they harried the leading Aston Martin, with a second Aston Martin right on their tail to keep them about their business. Each time round, the gap between second and first lessened very slightly, and up to the last lap anything could have happened—a pit stop would have been fatal for either, they just had to go on going on or bust—but Walker had too much in hand and team organisation and driving policy paid off again for the David Brown stable—Aston Martins first and third, with the Jaguar second only by seconds after nine hours of very, very fast motoring.

FOREIGN competition was provided by a Ferrari team and two Porsche "Spyders," one driven by Stirling Moss, but it did not really amount to much. The pace was too hot for the red Italian cars and although Mike Hawthorn made a tremendous effort to reach the front before the light went, putting up a new lap record in the process, his back axle went first and he was out of the race at 9.30 p.m. Moss had bad luck on the Porsche and was leading the 1,500-c.c. class at 10.15 p.m., but then found Tony Crooks' Cooper-Bristol "waltzing in the dark" in front of him coming out of Woodcote Corner and had no option but to join the dance, damaging the car too much to continue.

Several good performances were put up by smaller and less lavishly backed and serviced cars—the Coopers in particular—which do make a real contribution to a race like this.

—G. F. LORD



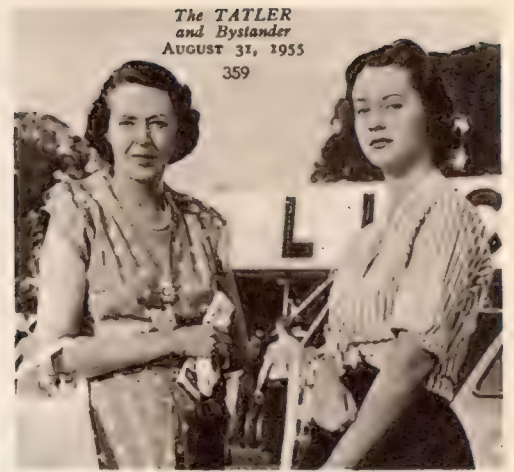
Stirling Moss and Baron von Hanstein, co-drivers of the Porsche "Spyder," 'discussing tactics' before the start



The Marquis de Portago (also famous as a horseman) and Mike Hawthorn standing by the Ferrari they drove. They dropped out after six hours, when lying fourth



The Duchess and Duke of Richmond and Gordon with Mr. Ralph Hubbard, Course Controller, resting in the private enclosure



Mrs. Dorothy Campbell and Miss Melissa Dundas of Dundas were guests of the Duke



Miss Polly Elwes and Mrs. K. R. Maurice were also in the Duke of Richmond's party



Lord and Lady Chesham and their son, the Hon. Nicholas Cavendish, were spectators

O'Neill

At the Theatre

WELL-FITTING CHAPEAU

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Glan Williams



A DOMESTIC INTERLUDE in which Mrs. Gregson (Marian Spencer) receives the wholehearted, if far from expert, assistance of Ilena (Yvonne Arnaud)

MISS YVONNE ARNAUD is delightful in Mr. Alan Melville's *Mrs. Willie*, at the Globe. That, shortly, is that. To add, as some have added, that her performance shows how much more delightful she could be if only she had some really comic material is unfair to Mr. Melville and suggests, I think, some misunderstanding of the actress.

Miss Arnaud is not simply an accomplished stage player with a marvellous sense of timing. She is herself a great comic stage character. Her misfortune is that no great comic dramatist has ever happened to imagine her and make her the central figure of his masterpiece. If he had, she would be here ready to play herself perfectly. As it is, we have to recognise that all that vivacity, nonsensicality and blazing fun which she can bring with her into a drawing-room remains in manner and colour peculiarly her own.

Introduced into plays by Maugham and Anouilh it has often played havoc with the proper values: audiences have always had great fun from these miscastings, but the judicious have grieved like anything. But even though the play which should have immortalized her has never been written, Miss Arnaud as a stage character exists. What is to be done about it?

SHE is not one of the solo performers who can dispense altogether with a play. Yet the personality which is a source of endless amusement to the public must be exhibited on the stage, somehow or other. Mr. Melville, properly aware of this national necessity, has arranged for her a play which she can wear like a hat.

Considered as a play, *Mrs. Willie* is no more, perhaps, than an agreeable nothing; but as a hat it becomes its wearer delightfully, and as we watch it bobbing about

inconsequently hither and thither we cannot help thinking that as a piece of millinery it is an admirably deft affair.

In other words, Miss Arnaud, once put on to the stage, becomes her own comic material. The author has, as it were, suggested that she should be an ex-queen of Ruritania, married to an honest-to-God gentleman-farmer of the Home Counties. Miss Arnaud is delighted with the idea. His nonsense perfectly suits hers; and very quickly she makes us feel that it also perfectly suits ours.

NATURALLY there should be a grand diplomatic dinner party given to advance the hopes that her princely son may one day sit on the throne of his ancestors. Naturally there must be caviare, and to make sure that it has travelled in good condition she tries it on her little dog. And naturally the little dog dies in the midst of the dinner party.

What can she do but embark on unpoisoning the victims with emetics before she is told that the dog was actually killed by a motor-car?

Not much of an anecdote maybe, but its virtue consists in the thousand and one predicaments in which it places Miss Arnaud. Stirring the emetics into the sugar of the unsuspecting guests' coffee would be a good scene anyway, but Miss Arnaud adds to it some nice touches of her own indicating the compulsive power of Royal politeness and the underlying ruthlessness of a family that has ruled a turbulent people for centuries. And by the time that the guests have begun to suffer from her well-meant attention she is moving away to deal with other threats to her peace of mind.

THERE is the woman who has been having an affair with her husband; there is a long-ago secret in a Ruritanian bathroom; there is a rather more recent affair of her own in Budapesth; there is a lost son reappearing as a waiter from Harrods. All these things have to be attended to, and when they have become more or less straight there is the village jumble sale, an event no less important than the gain or the loss of a Ruritanian throne.

Miss Arnaud attends to everything with the superb assurance of a great comic stage character abounding in her own senses; and Mr. Cyril Raymond, as the ex-queen's unlikely husband, cheerfully leads a company of supporters.



A MELTING AIR is coaxed from the piano by Ilena (Yvonne Arnaud), but it is without visible effect on Willie (Cyril Raymond; left), Lord Allerdale (William Mervyn), or Vitulescu (Carl Jaffé)



A HUMAN FROG

THE Azuma Kabuka dancers from Japan who are appearing at the Edinburgh Festival, and later at Covent Garden, during their world tour, give a unique performance in which song, instruments, dance and mime are blended in a technique new to the West. Here Tsurunosuke Bondo is seen marvellously imitating a frog, in a Kabuki pantomime

London Limelight

A prize for everybody

"PAINTING THE TOWN" is the new bumper fun lark confidently backed to fill the Palladium until next spring and to eliminate the demand for panto at that institution. Norman Wisdom's presence will probably make this an absolutely safe gamble, for he has all the equipment and energy to make a standard Darling of the Gods, and a good singing voice into the bargain.

He has one other paramount advantage, in the shape of Jerry Desmond. This actor, called a "stooge" or "feed" in the profession, is the greatest ambassador a comic ever enjoyed. He is suave, handsome and utterly at home. A prank may shake him, but we are confident that he can never really be out of countenance. Some

men are designed by nature to have well-creased trousers and to underline with one raised eyebrow the absurdities of lesser beings. Without his aid Mr. Wisdom would be as indifferent as his detractors find him: with it he can make superior criticism fatuous, because Mr. Desmond with infinite grace has implied it already.

IT should be added that there is any amount of pulchritude, some spectacular settings, a saloon-bar-voiced brunette from TV and a little dancer called Nanci Crompton who can pirouette as delightfully as anything on a Victorian musical-box, and much faster.



Norman Wisdom's ebullient humour meets the refrigerating glance of his faultlessly tailored foil Jerry Desmond in the new Palladium show

As is not unusual, the best music-hall turn is a dog act, this time presented by Gautier. Here the artistes so obviously enjoy their romp—they leap in and out of tick suitcases with uninhibited delight—that they steal the thunder of all other acrobats on the bill. In fact, there is enough post-prandial relaxation provided to ensure that Messrs. Parnell and Delfont will win their Christmas bet by a distance.

MR. J. C. TREWIN's latest biographical hero *Mr. Macready* (Harrap; 18s.) emerges very properly larger than life from the printed page. Macready, the first of the gentlemen-actors, had to leave Rugby early on account of one of those over-frequent confusions in his father's finances as a provincial actor-manager. He chose the family profession, without particularly liking it, and with an active distaste for its status.

Mr. Trewin's account of the long struggle to achieve eminence and respectability is doubly fascinating because the author writes with such authority that one feels he could produce detailed and equally readable biographies of every member of the hundreds of casts with whom Macready played. This is one of those rare good works for the historian and the common chap alike.

—Youngman Carter

Television

RESPONSE TO STIMULUS

Freda Bruce Lockhart

IT may yet be said that nothing became the B.B.C.'s TV monopoly like the leaving of it. Competition round the corner seems to be doing its work of stimulating the planners to a judicious mixture of proven successes with new notions calculated to take the edge off rival novelties.

Science, whether "In the Making" or as "Inventor's Club," always attracts a large audience of viewers, to my shame excluding me. B.B.C. cameras have earned their place this week at the sessions of the British Association in Bristol; as at Geneva to compile "The Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy" (first instalment to-night).

SCIENCE, in the person of Julian Huxley, is represented again in the first of the "Brains Trusts," which are the B.B.C.'s newest notion for enlivening Sunday afternoons. Professor Huxley gave me—and many thousands, if not then millions, of viewers—one of those happy memories of mishap for which viewers sit like vultures in wait. It was in a very early "Animal, Vegetable and Mineral," and the object was Egyptian, about 2000 B.C. and very frail. I don't think I shall ever forget Professor Huxley's gesture of nonchalance as he handed it back to Dr. Daniel with the assurance that all was well in spite of the sinister crack we all heard.

Sunday's Brains Trust also includes John Nicholas, George Edwards, and Peter Brook, who has shown as dramatist a lively feeling for television.

The Gramophone

AN HOUR OF SATIRE



CANADIAN-BORN Reuben Ship is fortunate in having that very fine Canadian actor John Drainie to put over his controversial dissertation "The Investigator." Drainie has the power and intelligence to give this hour-long piece all the significance it deserves. He is ably and, at times, brilliantly supported by a cast of unnamed actors.

The Investigator is killed in a plane crash and goes "Up Here," where he must pass the Immigration Office, Permanent Investigation Committee on Permanent Entry to "Up Here," and the Head Gatekeeper. The Permanent Committee of Investigation is made up of Titus Oates, Judge Jeffreys, Cotton Mather and Torquemada. The Investigator raises objections to his inquisitors and continues to doubt their loyalty and political integrity.

It is not until he attempts to subpoena the Highest Power Of All that this cold, calculating, ruthlessly fanatical character is returned to earth, to mete out, we assume, whatever salvation is possible.

This is a brilliant satire, and something every thinking person should hear. That the characterisation set down in "The Investigator" could resemble that of at least one man living to-day is purely coincidental. (Oriole M.G. 20006.)

—Robert Tredinnick



SYLVIA SYMS, who has just signed a long-term contract with Associated British, is an ex-student of R.A.D.A., where she won one of two commercial scholarships awarded each year by H. M. Tennent. She has frequently been seen on the stage and television, but not yet in a film



JANE WYMAN stars as the proprietor of an oil-town dress store in *Lucy Gallant*, playing opposite Charlton Heston as a rancher who finds his wooing hopeless against her career-woman mentality. It is coming to the Plaza



CAROL OHMART, possessor of a "3-D personality," stars in the first film she has ever made, *The Scarlet Hour*. She is one-sixteenth Egyptian, with a dash of Irish and other strains, and was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, her mother having had Mormon parents

At the Pictures

THIS WESTERN RINGS TRUE

MR. JAMES STEWART enjoys making Westerns. He told me so. When I asked him whether he did not think audiences by now might be a little tired of them, he registered pained astonishment very fetchingly and said "Gosh, no! Why, there are plenty of people who don't reckon they've seen a movie if they haven't seen a horse!"

These people should be delighted with *The Man From Laramie*. I was delighted with it myself—though less because it is riddled with horses than because, as is rare in Westerns, it is fraught with credible human beings.

Mr. Stewart is simply splendid in the title role. An introductory dirge, sung by an invisible celestial choir of cow-hands, tips one off that he's a mystery man and "not inclined to speak his mind"—so when he arrives in the small town of Coronado, one guesses he has not driven his mule wagons a thousand miles merely to deliver a bill of mixed goods to the local general store, run by Miss Cathy O'Donnell. The natives seem to guess this, too: they are unaccountably hostile.

ONE of them, Mr. Alex Nicol—crazy son of the all-powerful cattle king, Mr. Donald Crisp—attacks Mr. Stewart

with maniacal ferocity, burns his wagons, shoots his beautiful melancholy mules, and has him roped like a steer and dragged through the dust at the heels of a horse. Next time he meets Mr. Nicol, Mr. Stewart hurls himself upon him like a fury and beats him up most satisfactorily until pounced on by Mr. Crisp's ranch foreman, Mr. Arthur Kennedy.

An elderly female farmer, Miss Aline McMahon, from her ring-side seat in her buggy, breaks up the fight with a rifle-shot. The cattle king, riding by, regards Mr. Stewart with strange concern and offers to compensate him for the loss of his property.

For years the old man has been haunted by a dream in which a tall, lean stranger rides into Coronado to kill his son, the apple of his eye—and he identifies Mr. Stewart as the stranger.

STEWART, accepting Mr. Crisp's money but flatly refusing to comply with his urgent request that he leave the town, assures the doting father that he has no intention of killing Mr. Nicol.

The man he is out to kill is the scoundrel who sells guns to the Apache—for Mr. Stewart's brother was recently shot dead by these murderous Indians and his death must be avenged.

Of course, it might be that the man he seeks is Mr. Nicol; or it might be Mr. Kennedy, a schemer if ever there was one—or even the sinister Mr. Jack Elam, the local drunk, who must have some good reason for trying to knife Mr. Stewart. Mr. Stewart finds out for himself, the hard way. I will leave you to find out for yourself, in the simplest and most agreeable manner: all you have to do is see this excellent picture.



The question at issue, between Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, is a sinister one, in *Footsteps in the Fog*

Though the plot is cut to a familiar pattern, the acting is of so high an order and the direction (by Mr. Anthony Mann) so intelligent, that it all seems strangely new—and, what's more, true.

IN the opening shot of *Footsteps in the Fog*, a gaslit and, I thought, rather ghastly, Edwardian melodrama, Mr. Stewart Granger, green with grief, is discovered weeping at his wife's graveside. Returning home after the funeral, he enters the drawing-room, pours himself a glass of port which he sips while leering in a self-satisfied way at a glowering portrait of the dear departed. He thinks, you see, he's got away with murder—but, of course, he hasn't. Along comes demure Miss Jean Simmons to wipe the leer from his lips.

Though only a despised skivvy, she's as smart as paint: her experiments with the contents of a bottle labelled "Medicine for Mrs. Travers" prove, as little corpses on the cellar floor bear witness, that it should rather have been labelled "Ratbane"—and put her in an admirable position from which to blackmail Mr. Granger. This she does to such effect that she is soon sole mistress of his house, queening it in the dead wife's gowns and using her scent—which seems to stir up the oddest passions in Mr. Granger.

THE girl's attractive but he must be rid of her: for financial reasons, he's determined to marry Miss Belinda Lee, the daughter of his rich business partner. He tells Miss Simmons he will give her a small fortune to go to America where, in the blessed absence of class distinctions, she will be able to live as a lady. "What's the use of being a lady in a place where it makes no difference?" asks Miss Simmons, shrewdly.

This so irritates Mr. Granger that he follows her in the foggy street one dark night to bludgeon her to death. Unfortunately he finds he's killed a total stranger—with whose murder he is duly charged. On Miss Simmons's prettily perjured evidence, he is acquitted—and he is more stuck with her than ever.

In a final, frenzied effort to "get" Miss Simmons, Mr. Granger over-reaches himself. Miss Simmons watches him die in agony—and, to my surprise, murmurs wistfully "I wish it was me." Pass her the ratbane, somebody, please—and let's get out of the gloom.

Mr. Granger's performance could be described as restrained ham: apart from that initial leer and an occasional narrowing of the eyes to indicate annoyance, he remains expressionless. Miss Simmons comes out of the thing far better—presenting a most persuasive picture of deceptive innocence. Among the minor characters, Mr. Billy Hartnell as a would-be blackmailer who hasn't quite got the hang of it, and Mr. Victor Maddern as a dogged witness are the clearest-cut.

—Elspeth Grant



JOSEPHINE AT THE DRESSING-TABLE has nothing to do with Napoleon, but is the role taken by Glynis Johns in *Josephine and Men*, in which the tenor of a happy marriage is disturbed by the entrance of a refugee—a former fiancé of the heroine's in flight from the police. John Boulting produces, and Roy Boulting directs this well-deserved "problem film," in which other stars are Jack Buchanan, Donald Sinden and David Hewer



Haldane

ON HOLIDAY BY LAKE LEMAN'S SHORE

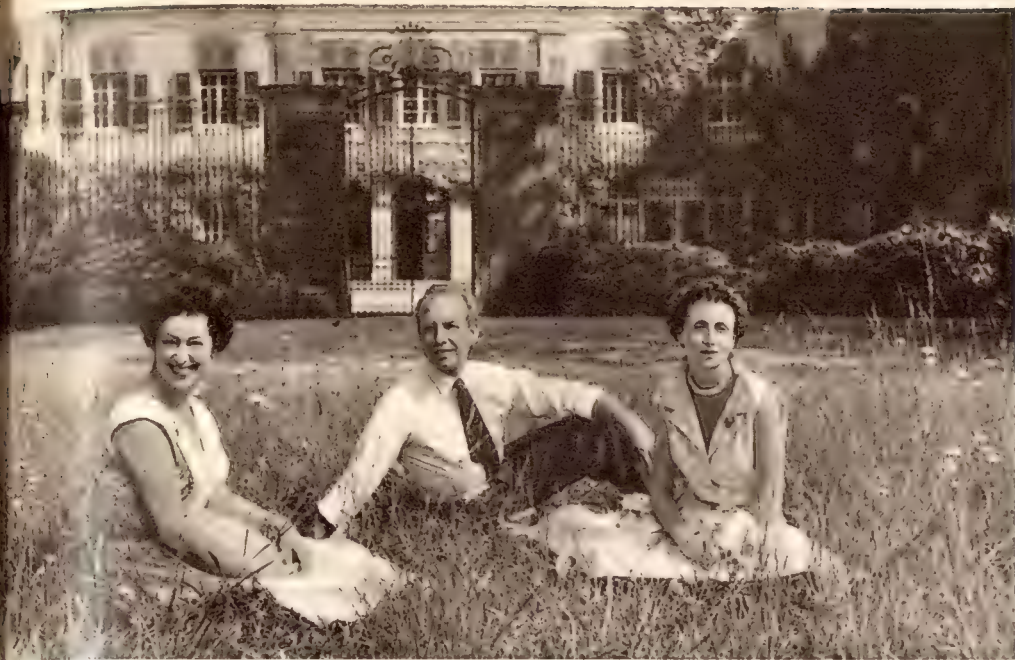
FOR two generations the lakeside city of Lausanne, on the slopes of Mont Jorat, has been a rendezvous of international travellers, especially of the British. This year it has had a particularly good season, doing much to dispel the legend that Switzerland is exclusively a winter sports country. Above is seen the harbour at its suburb of Ouchy, an all-the-year-round favourite resort of tourists

Mr. Peter Stewart with Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues, younger daughter of the late Sir John Latta, Bt.

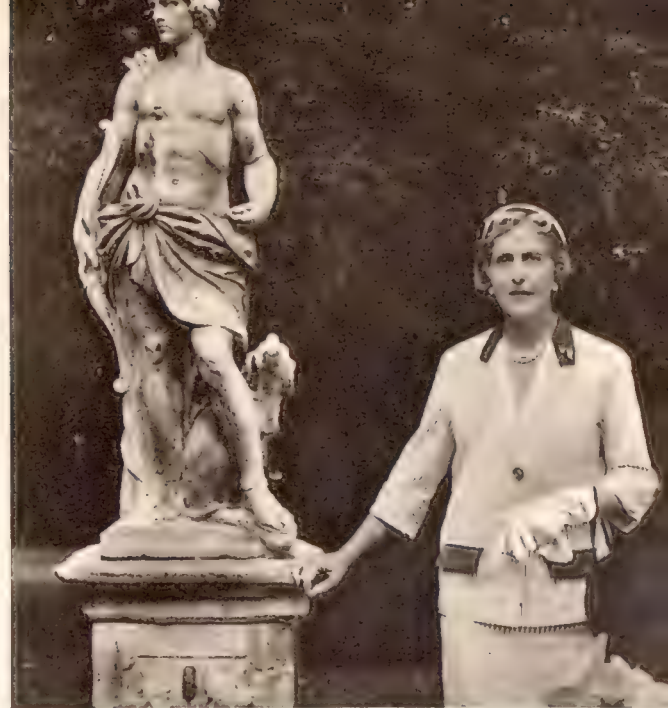
Mr. William Bradford and his wife, from Paris, at a cocktail party given by M. Henri Carnal

Major John Shaw-Kennedy, a cousin of the Marquess of Ailsa, and his wife at the Golf Club above Lausanne





Mme. Françoise Mermod, Mr. Stuart Chaney, the U.S. theatrical producer, and the Countess Alvarez de Toledo



Miss Adrienne Zygomalas was staying in Ouchy-Lausanne after a visit to the U.S.



The Marquess of Carisbrooke, who was visiting his sister, Queen Eugenie of Spain, with Mrs. Philip Spence, of Deddington Manor, near Oxford

Mme. Roland Angelesco with Count John de Bendern, former famous golfer John de Forest, and his Spanish-born wife

The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon had been lunching at the Hotel Beau Rivage with Mrs. Gordon Latta



The Comtesse de Robilant from Milan and her father, M. Edouard de Heller

Prince Pignatelli Della Leonessa, Italian Consul in Lausanne, with the Baronne de Bellet, wife of Baron Pierre de Bellet



Standing By . . .

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

GREASEFULLY YOURS

SEVERAL strong girls ready to biff their way, in the manner of Mr. Waugh's Brigadier, across Channel in the late international swim received a slight setback 48 hours beforehand, when a Medical Research Council authority at Dover announced that (a) too little grease is used on these occasions to matter, and (b) it's not essential anyway.

Big Channel sweethearts with a passion for grease are expected, we gather, to reject—reluctantly—the tempting implication of (a), owing to Ole Debbie Glamour. Even when normally greased they have to be well sanded before members of their suite congratulating them at Gris Nez can get a good grip, and they're well aware that no self-respecting white man would be seen wrestling on the beach with a huge, coy, shapeless, slippery bundle of black lubricant under the brooding eye of the Mayor of Boulogne. ("Doucement, Monsieur, doucement! Du calme, voyons!") To the Mayor the reception-ceremony was no great treat, even in pre-war days, a citizen of Boulogne once assured us, incidentally. Since the nerve-racking treatment Boulogne received in World War II it has probably become—as many an ex-Mayor's wife could testify, no doubt—even less so. Thou hast the air, my poor, of a man greatly discouraged. Mélanie! My nightgown.

Afterthought

IN Cyprus there's an interesting, or vaguely interesting, story of an enormous girl covered in thick black grease rising from the sea off Paphos in the 1920's and bawling for a nice cup of tea. On perceiving it wasn't Aphrodite the populace streamed back to the cafés. The British colony could do nothing, being involved in a big lawn-tennis tournament, and a subsequent question in Parliament led to nothing in particular.

MR. DRIP: I am informed that she apparently started from Folkestone in the recent Channel swim and lost her way. Her name is Gaythorpe, or Haythorne, I forget which.

MRS. MOPE: Oh.

The House then rose.

She is said to be still biffing round the Ægean, roaring for tea and complaining furiously about a depth-charge in the late war. One wishes somebody would do something, some time.

Woofle

DOGGIE-PORTRAITS were in such demand (*vide* Press) at the recent open-air exhibition of modern art at Brighton that some of the R.A. boys are sitting up alertly with ears erect, our spies report.

When Landseer was electrifying the town with *Down, Ponto! Down!* and *Please, Rover, Don't Lick Grandma!* our dumb chumps did not occupy the commanding position in public affairs they do now, the Victorians being more preoccupied, for some obscure reason, with children. To-day we never go to the Private View without expecting to see every wall thick with canine portraits and rich women fainting on every hand. You murmur that nobody can paint 'doggies' nowadays like Landseer? We think the R.A. portrait-boys could work up a

Newfoundland study apiece very easily to begin with, simply by adapting pencil-sketches of big public boys already stacked in the studio, since nearly everything's there—dewlaps, bloodshot eyes, drooping ears, big hairy paws, nobly suffering expression. And if some R.A. included a gold watch-chain by mistake we fancy the Hanging Committee would hail the inspiration. I think that daring little touch *affirms*—eh, Bilberry? Yes, Ugworth, it states. It resumes. It postulates. It is *total*—don't you agree, Whackstraw? Yes, yes, assuredly—one might even venture to call it, diatonically speaking, peremptory.

Mumsie! How utterly *destroying*!

Impulse

REMEMBER the dirty train we changed for you weepies at Liverpool Street in the summer of 1955! "will be the British Railways triumph-cry henceforth, we gather. In fact a B.R. boy went so far as to assure us last week, glowing with complacency, that the Race's gratitude for this impulse is such that in A.D. 2955 women will still be hushing their babes to sleep with the story.

We couldn't help asking a question or two:

Q: So you don't agree with Hazlitt that the British Public is a fickle, ungrateful, lily-livered beast?

A: You horrify me! Gratitude of this kind—

Q: Any exceptions? Anyone been trying to rush you for further gifts or favours?

A: Well, there was a woman in last week asking for a pound of the best liqueur-chocolates.

Q: Drunk?

A: Mental, as we discovered when she referred to a first-class lavatory on a crack express as "a third-class pigsty."

Q: And it wasn't?

Here, with a smile of heartbroken forbearance, as of a University lecturer in Civics addressing a home for manic-depressives, the B.R. type gently patted our shoulder, resumed his bowler, and left, taking care not to unsettle the halo round the brim. If we had a national Pantheon of the French kind in London (our spies report) those boys would be demanding to be buried in it, though of course not immediately.



BRIGGS~~~~~by GRAHAM

A TROPICAL PARTY IN DEEPEST BUCKS

AN eighteenth-century music temple in the grounds of Mr. Francis Dashwood's home at West Wycombe was the background of an original "Tropical Party" given by him and Mr. Julian Gibbs, which was thoroughly enjoyed by their ninety guests



The Hon. Morys Bruce and the Hon. Lady Naylor-Leyland were dressed strictly in accordance with the demands of the occasion



Miss Jacynth Lindsay and Mr. Richard Hawkins were chatting in the temple cellar



Mr. Paul Fletcher and Miss Margaret Little sitting on the steps of the temple. Next day, house guests played the village at cricket



Mr. Francis Dashwood, who was celebrating his thirtieth birthday, punts Miss Maureen Bolger, Mrs. and Mr. Graeme Parish and Mr. Desmond Cubitt, across the lake to the scene of the party



The joint host, who is the son of Sir John Dashwood, Bt., with the Hon. Antonia Pakenham, Lord Pakenham's eldest daughter

Swarbe

Priscilla of Paris

WOODLAND MURMURS



O'Neill

THE BAL DE LA MER at Monte Carlo was a most spectacular event, in which many celebrities took part. Above: Diners watching the firework display. Below: Film actresses Martine Carol and Gina Lollobrigida. Bottom: Film actor Kirk Douglas was busily engaged announcing cabaret items



BUT, to their surprise. . . "Monsieur le Sous-Préfet mâchait des violettes et faisait des vers!" which goes to show, if we may believe Alphonse Daudet's enchanting story, what the call of Nature does to mankind. Perhaps it dates one to quote the author of *Les Lettres de mon Moulin* but being in a *sous-préfetish* mood the quotation blows across my memory.

Monsieur le Sous-Préfet was on his way to deliver a speech on an official occasion. The speech was not quite finished and M. le S.-P. was not good at extemporising. Bidding his suite to call him in half an hour he turned aside to compose and rest in a little wood. Violets snuggled in the shade, birds sang and an impertinent woodpecker put all thoughts of official eloquence out of his head.

I WAS on my way from Deauville, where I had gala-ed and gambled (not over-wisely but rather well), to Biarritz, where the same games and galas awaited me. I had intended to stay the night at Niort if only to see whether the delightfully named Hotel du Raisin de Bourgogne had at last put up a blind in the best bathroom, but the day had been hot and stormy and I, too, was lured into a restful wood.

The result of too many late nights was that I woke after sunset. Tiny bats were flittering about and frogs were making their strange music in the distance. From a branch in a fir tree, that was black against the pale sky, a little owl stared down at me; he gave a whispering bark, spread his lace-edged wings, and flew away in a westerly direction.

"WHO am I to slight the gods when they send an omen?" I murmured as I turned E. E.'s bonnet towards the orange afterglow in the sky and headed for the Island-that-has-no-name.

Not having booked car passage I left E. E. on the mainland and crossed alone by the evening boat. "Alone" is a manner of writing, for amidst the crowd of rucksacked holidaymakers were several habitués. As usual they were complaining that the Island is overrun. I suggested that we, bloated landowners that we are, might copy the bathing-pools in Paris and have notice-boards put up on the landing stage "Standing room only"! I hope I have not started something, but my pleasantry was received with enthusiasm!

If I am as honest as I purpose to be I must say that the campers are not so undesirable as of yore. They have acquired better manners since the City Fathers have allowed camping in the Bois de Boulogne and bathing in the lakes and river, while the admirable Abbé Pierre has obtained permission for his down-and-outs to doss down

under certain bridges. If their home town thus becomes a holiday resort for the dwellers in the *arrondissements* of Menilmontant, Grenelle, and other popular quarters of Paris, what will the railways do? I understand that, as it is, they do not make both ends meet; this is in curious contradiction of the rules of perspective. Not only did railway lines meet in my drawing-class days, they ended at Vanishing Point!

QUITE a few friends seem to have stopped off for a fresher at the Island. Friends of friends who know where the quiet nooks are. There was Jeanne Aubert, just back from Evian, and already rehearsing the songs she will sing at her recital in Paris this autumn; Marcel Idzowski, *secrétaire-général* of the Comédie Française, who also was at Evian and should have been on his way to the Côte d'Argent for Mrs. O'Malley Keyes' party. He was moving on in the afternoon: "I shall arrive," quoth he, "at the same time as the tooth-picks!" (An obsolete but graphic piece of slang that says what it means.)

The Comédie Française is being done up during his absence. New carpets, seats, paint and other splendours. We hope, however, that the *ouvreuses* will not be renovated. Paris loves its old ladies and has no wish for cover-girl usherettes at the State theatres.

Robert Bresson, of *Curé de Campagne* fame, is making a longer stay. I found him—with his old car parked on the wrong side of the road—at the local washer-woman's. He was trying to borrow a pair of sheets. He had not known, bless him, that rented villas are not furnished with linen. *Madame la blanchisseuse* refused to be wheedled, however, for which I mutely returned thanks. I would have been anxious! "Lost in the wash" is not a statement that goes down any too well these days.

NEWS of the terrible events in North Africa shook France profoundly, just as preparations were reaching their height to quench peaceably the fires under this simmering cauldron. It has brought poignantly home to us the nature of Britain's own troubles in Kenya, and one thing only has given some consolation—the firm and prompt measures taken to bring home to the instigators of the massacre the enormity of their action.

It seems there are some to whom "conciliation" is an unwelcome word. They must learn, if necessary the hard way, that the rest of us, citizens of France of whatever hue, desire it, and that the excesses of a dark-minded minority will not prevent its achievement.

Vagues permanentes

● Christine Dorville, who is five years old, meeting seaweed for the first time during her bathe: "Mummie, there are hairs in the sea!"





Betty Swaabs

THE MAHARANEE OF JAIPUR

NOW making her home in London is the Maharanee of Jaipur, acknowledged as one of the most beautiful women in European society, and widely noted also for her wit and artistic sensibility. She is the sister of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, and was formerly the Princess Aysha



PERSONAL MAGNETISM in its most alluring manifestation is explored by Elizabeth Jenkins in *Ten Fascinating Women* (Odhams; 15s.), a compendium of charmers who have exerted significant influence on history or the arts. Among them are (left) Martha Ray, tragically fated protégée of an eighteenth-century Lord Sandwich, and (right) the Duchess of Lauderdale, whose name was linked with some of the worst excesses of the Restoration



Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

MEMOIRS OF A STROLLING PLAYER

MAURICE BROWNE'S *TOO LATE TO LAMENT* (Gollancz; 25s.) is outstanding, even in this age of autobiography. Seldom can a rendering of account have been fuller, franker, more many-sided. This book took five years to write, and one cannot wonder—infinite seems the pity that Maurice Browne's death, in January of this year, forbids his seeing the publication. Of so much experience, this should have been the crown; also, reactions to the book—which, though they may be various, must be powerful—would have been of the keenest interest to him. These many pages all carry the stamp of a strong identity: one feels oneself in the presence of a living man.

The first focus of interest must be the theatre, in which world Maurice Browne, after years of effort, blazed into sensational success. His association with the Arts Theatre Club was to be the turning-point of his career. Part-author (with Robert Nichols) of *Wings Over Europe*, "lead" in the unforgettable *Unknown Warrior* and, finally, launcher of *Journey's End*, the down-and-out of so short a time ago was to find himself one of the biggest names of the West End and, soon afterwards, Broadway.

Journey's End, within one year of opening at the Savoy, London, had (we learn from the jacket of this book) been performed by seventy-six companies in twenty-five languages: the net gain to Maurice Browne as producer was £80,000. He had been penniless; he was to find himself all but penniless again.

YES, spectacular enough, the theatre-story. Those few years emerge like tips of a reef: actually, the structure beneath the surface is more interesting. Maurice Browne's most valuable work, in his own view, was from the worldly point of view least rewarded. To a great degree, it proved its own reward. Our author was a pioneer, an idealist. He impacted upon the theatre, by chance, in the decade preceding World War One, when hopes ran high for the "non-commercial." The creative future lay with the "little theatre"—experimental, visionary, and with boundless possibilities, it appeared, for the genius to be set free of trammels. Economically, one had to hope for the best.

Maurice Browne and his first wife Ellen Van Volkenburg—whom he met in Florence,

followed home to America—founded the Chicago Little Theatre. The chapters dealing with those brave long-ago days are at once humorous and inspiring. In its time known chiefly to the intelligentsia of an on-the-whole unpropitious city, the Little Theatre made felt an influence which has long survived it.

PARALLEL experiments went on in European cities; Lady Gregory, co-founder of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin (itself at the beginning no less daring), gave the project her blessing, tempered by pessimism. High hearts accompanied falling fortunes. Wandering, hard-pressed years, round a largely inclement United States, followed upon the close down in Chicago.

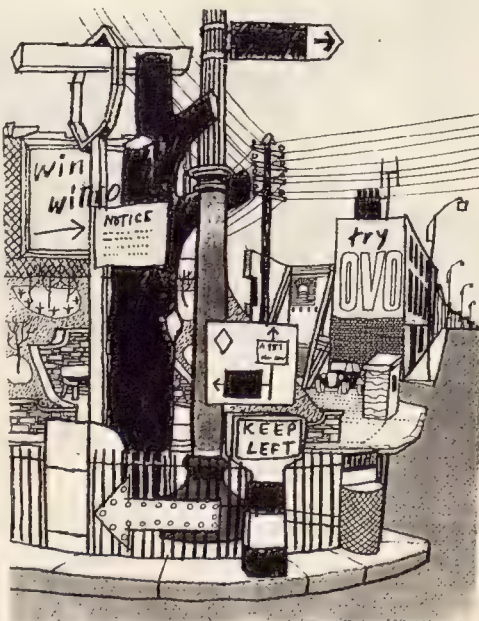
Clearly, it was the memory of those splendid hopes which made the later fulfilments Dead Sea fruit. Maurice Browne (he himself felt) cracked under success: an evil fatality closed in on him, deadening idealism, poisoning friendships, from the moment he reached fame. All his life, by his own showing, he had had a sense of hovering doom—he was prey to a waking

nightmare he calls "the Horror." Latent sense of guilt, of a racking kind, overshadowed the margin of the career of a gifted, vital, personable young man. Temperamentally he was his own enemy—how dark was the heredity he combated, he learned only after his mother's death, when he came on the family papers she had locked up.

The inner urge towards self-destruction, conflicting with desire to make good, and with unshaken faith in eternal values, constitutes, in *Too Late to Lament*, a drama—few dramas more forcible, none more poignant can Maurice Browne have set upon any stage. Passages in this book are painful, some are antipathetic. The author's exaltation of love led him into betrayals and infidelities for which others, it would appear, forgave him more quickly than he forgave himself. The women, and there were many, in his life shine out as examples of generosity.

FROM boyhood, he had to stand on his own feet. His father, a first-rate scholar and brilliant schoolmaster, committed suicide when Maurice was thirteen; his mother maintained her growing children by opening an admirable school at Eastbourne—the portrait of this indomitable lady is one of the pleasures of *Too Late to Lament*. Family affections—which alas, too, were to bring their load of distress—were highly developed in the young man. On the happier side, he was a cricket-loving poet: Cambridge proved excellent for both gifts. Fellow-poet friends were Harold Monro (to be founder of the Poetry Bookshop, shrine for so many aspirants) and Rupert Brooke, whose romantic energy glows over several pages here.

Not the least sympathetic episode in this chronicle is the youthful dash to enlist when the Boer War broke out. Maurice Browne himself sees this impulse sourly, in retrospect, and a "blurb" in many other ways too lengthy passes it over in silence—now why, I wonder? The brief time in South Africa was terrible, and accounted for the author's permanent violent bias against war. Other adventures abroad were more agreeable, or in the main so—schoolmastering in Darjeeling, a climb in the Himalayas, a dreamlike interlude in Taormina, a tutorship in Florence. Maurice Browne worked with, and did much to promote, the group to be known as Georgian Poets.



THE BRITISH SCENE approximating nearer, year by year, to this drawing, is the subject of forthright denunciation in *Outrage*, by Ian Nairn (12s. 6d.), an Architectural Press publication

Michael Somes and Svetlana Kassinova, who both had tumblers "dedicated" to them



Margot Fonteyn and Beryl Grey were two more of the ballerinas at this good party



LORD AUDLEY GAVE A BALLET PARTY

AT his flat in Bryanston Square, Lord Audley, who makes noted glassware, gave a party to introduce tumblers depicting members of Sadler's Wells Ballet. Above: Mrs. Laurence Holbech, Col. Laurence Holbech, Ina, Lady George Cholmondeley, and Lord Audley



Anne Heaton in conversation with John Field. They are leading performers at Sadler's Wells



Mary Drage, Frederick Ashton, chief choreographer of the Wells, and Svetlana Beriosova



FINE LACE FOR THE AUTUMN



*Ideal frock for dinner
as the nights draw in*

ELIZABETH HENRY designed our choice for this week, a short dinner dress of black French lace mounted over pink taffeta, with wide, square neckline of black nylon chiffon. One of the charms of this most useful dress is that it is virtually uncrushable—a wonderful buy for the woman who travels a lot. It costs 32 gns. and comes from Woollands of Knightsbridge



Peter Clark

The pale pink French suède gloves, which cost 4½ gns., and the plain bag of fine black suède at 6 gns., shown opposite, come from Woollands, who also supply the evening hat, of head-hugging black velvet petals with a little jet ornament on the top, price 10½ gns., and the rhinestone brooch pinned on the bodice which costs £3 10s.

Choice for the Week by Mariel Deans



The slender whip-like dress of fine black wool trimmed only with a long band of black grosgrain that Digby Morton made to be worn under his black coat shown below

Mattli's black and white striped wool suit, with high revers and gently fitting waist, has four pockets for trimming and a straight, narrow skirt. The pretty yellow pot hat is made by Gina Davies



This attractive and warm black wool coat by Digby Morton has a double skirt—the wide top one being edged with a very distinctive broad band of silver fox. The hat is by Rudolf

Michael's oatmeal tweed suit cut with "scimitar" shaped panels to give a long, curved waistline. The rather short basque juts above the very narrow skirt. Hat by Valerie Brill

FASHION DEVELOPMENTS SHOWN
BY OUR TOP MODEL HOUSES



"In the Red," a dress and jacket of red and black Yorkshire tweed by Hardy Amies. The chemise dress has two waistlines and the straight-fitting jacket a double collar. Hat by Madame Vernier



John Cavanagh's violet wool coat lined with lilac duchesse satin and designed to be worn with the dress on page 377. The rose-trimmed pillbox hat is by Simone Mirman

SOME members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers who showed their collections to the press and foreign buyers at the end of July, will open their doors again during the first week in September, this time to private clients. Women attending these shows will find charming collections waiting for them—beautifully tailored clothes made in the best materials that can be found from all over Europe. They will find everywhere long, slender lines, an absence of belts, and straight, narrow skirts that are a little longer than last season

—MARIEL DEANS

The Autumn Collections in London

[Continued
overleaf]



John Cole

Victor Stiebel's magnificent ball gown with its huge, billowing skirt of white tulle, has a satin bodice re-embroidered with blue and golden yellow leaves

*London's couturiers
go romantic, adding—*

WHILST the ubiquitous little black afternoon frock is everywhere, made in silk jersey, fine wool, taffeta or velvet, usually narrow skirted with a princess or "jumper" line, in the evening British understatement relents. Dresses are frankly romantic and beautiful, worked with fairy-tale embroidery, huge skirted, jewel topped, enveloped in fur or satin wraps for grand occasions—Glamour Incarnate!

A new sumptuousness to the evening occasion



A full-skirted, waisted cocktail dress by John Cavanagh that is made of palest lilac duquesse satin. "Honey Blooms" is a short evening dress by Norman Hartnell made of pale amaranth satin embroidered with beads and paillettes.



In the far column, Ronald Paterson's magnificent evening dress and coat are made of pure silk, embroidered with beads and bugles in silver and in two shades of blue. The coat has a baby blue dyed fox fur collar, a colour that runs right through this collection.





This "Fish" ornament, designed to suit the most modern of rooms, is speckled green and white. It can be had for £7 7s.

In the idiom of today

THOSE who are furnishing in the modern style will find much to interest them in the new building which Story's of Kensington have recently opened. Famous for their beautiful fabrics, Story's now look to the future with many striking contemporary pieces, designed by well-known artists from different countries

—JEAN CLELAND



Above, these amusing, realistic "Walnut" and "Prawns" wall and table plaques are 11s. 6d. each

Right, an alert Negro warrior distinguishes this table-lamp and shade, costing 16 gns.

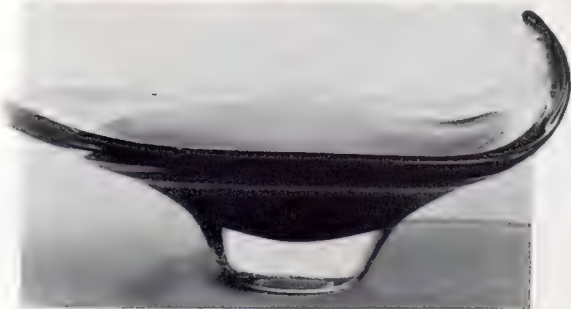




Left, Solid black cups, jugs, etc. on black and white flower print plates and saucers. A 38-piece set costs only £4 4s.



Above, angle floor lamp with aircraft affinities, in mahogany and brass £6 16s. The shade in plaited wood is £1 17s. 6d.



Top, Whitefriars fruit dish, shaded to deep blue, £1 3s. 6d. Below, Swedish wine carafe and vase (£3 15s. each)

Dennis Smith

Right, from Denmark. Coat rack £1 19s. 6d., umbrella stand £2 19s. 6d., wastepaper tub £4 10s., tray £2 17s. 6d.



Beauty

The back-rooms have been busy

Jean Cleland



DURING the lazy summer days when most of us at some time or another have been relaxing for a spell in the country or at the seaside, the cosmeticians and beauty firms have been active as ever launching new products to enhance our looks and please our feminine fancy.

As usual I have waited until sufficient items have accumulated for an entire page in which you may see at a glance "What's New."

Elizabeth Arden, fashion conscious as always, has created a new lipstick shade to enable you to follow the latest vogue for wearing soft rosy lips with a golden tan. Called "Summertime," this is a warm muted rose with a lovely glow that looks enchanting against a skin that is honey brown from sunbathing. Since a tan thus acquired lasts for a long time, this new shade can be worn well into the autumn or even longer for those who like a rose coloured mouth anyway. It makes a charming contrast for brunettes, and is also flattering to blondes.

BRONNLEY'S add a decorative note to the bathroom with an attractive "Two-Tone Soap." Made in pastel pink and blue, with a specially blended floral perfume, this represents an achievement in the difficult art of presenting a two-coloured tablet of soap. A box of three—price 17s. 6d.—would make a very dainty and acceptable gift. The tablets would look lovely, too, in a guest room.

Dana Perfumes introduce an entirely new technique in the art of applying scent. In this method the usual alcohol is

replaced with a liquid gas to vaporize the molecules, and give the perfume a greater intensity. A light pressure on the valve of the atomizer releases a fine cloud of scent, thereby giving a clinging, delicate and all-pervading "atmosphere" of fragrance. The gas employed evaporates immediately, thus keeping intact the essential properties of the perfume essences. After spraying with this new atomizer, the effect is soft and very subtle.

Guerlain, famous for their superb scents, announce the advent of a new-to-England "Rose" Soap. Of the finest quality, this soap does really capture the rose fragrance, which blends harmoniously with every other scent. It can be bought in separate tablets, or in a box of three, in either toilet or bath size.

RICHARD HUDNUT, whose "Blush Tan" has proved to be one of the most popular make-up shades, have now added it to their "Flatter-Face" complexion tones. This means that you can now get "Flatter-Face" in champagne beige, rose beige, blush tan and tropical.

Loxene is the new preparation for the scalp, and seems to be the answer to many hair problems. Used regularly it gives renewed life and lustre, helps to remove and overcome the development of dandruff, and encourages the natural oil balance of the hair, so that it is neither too dry nor too greasy.

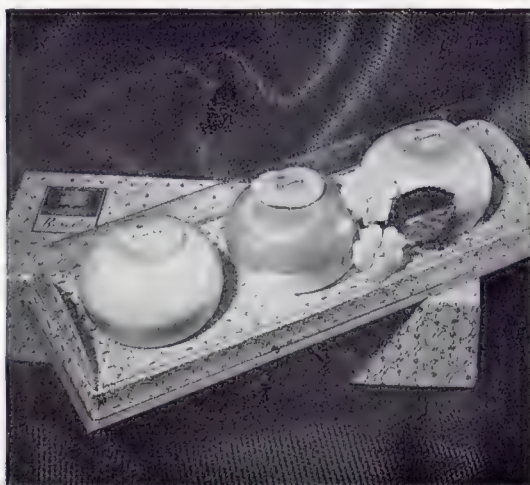
Morny's cater for hand beauty, with a new hand lotion, which, delicately perfumed with rose fragrance, replaces the natural oils, and leaves the skin soft, velvety and supple. It rubs in quickly and easily, and is equally

valuable and effective for use on the arms and legs.

Optrex who have long been known—and blessed—for their Optrex eye lotion, and eye compresses, have now launched another product "Optone Eye Drops," which give quick relief to eyes that have been irritated and inflamed by dust and glare. The drops come in a flexible bottle with a special nozzle. This is unbreakable and cannot spill, which makes it a boon for travelling. A few drops—which flow out easily when the bottle is gently squeezed—are sufficient to cleanse and refresh the eyes immediately.

ANEW product, Revlon's "Satin-Set," will be welcomed by all those who want something with which to set their hair extra quickly. All that is necessary is to touch the valve at the top of the turquoise blue and gold container and spray the hair with the lotion. This—while it contains no lacquer—sets the hair firmly and keeps the curls and waves beautifully in place.

Steiner, of hair styling fame, has long been striving to simplify the vexed problem of what kind of cream to choose for your particular type of skin. After a four-year research programme with chemists, he has eventually completed the formulae of four basic face preparations, incorporating a new factor, "controlled absorption." This means that, irrespective of whether the skin is dry or greasy, mixed, rough or fine, these preparations are suitable for all types. The set of four comprises "Creamy Way" (cleansing cream), "Face to Face" (conditioning cream), "Refresh" (skin tonic) and "Milky Way" (cleansing milk).



THEY WERE MARRIED



Joicey—Thompson. Mr. Richard Joicey, son of Capt. F. R. Joicey, M.C., and Mrs. Joicey, of Jenkinsop Hall, Halthistle, Northumberland, married Miss Joan C. Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Halford Thompson, of South Moor House, Sunderland, at Barnham, near Barnard Castle



Leaf—Longworth. Mr. Charles Henry Gordon Leaf, eldest son of Major J. G. Leaf, late 15th The King's Hussars, and Mrs. Leaf, of Copse Hill, Osmaston, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, married at Hereford Cathedral Miss Jean R. Longworth, only daughter of the Lord Bishop of Hereford and Mrs. Longworth



Maitland—Gold. Mr. David H. Maitland, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Maitland, of Cadogan Square, S.W.1, married in London Miss Judith Mary Gold, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Gold, of Brendon Street, London, W.1



Hearson—Barrowman. Mr. Barrie S. Hearson, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. S. Hearson, of Purley, Surrey, married Miss Gillian Emily Barrowman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Barclay Barrowman, of Potters Bar, Middlesex, at Potters Bar Congregational Church, Middlesex



Reid—Murray. At St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Mr. Anthony Gordon Reid, of Bainakilly, Kirkmichael, Perthshire, younger son of Archdeacon and Mrs. Reid, of Hailsham, Sussex, was recently married to Miss Virginia Anne Murray, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Iain Murray, D.S.O. and bar, and Mrs. Geoffrey Davis, of Old Pickhurst, Chiddingfold, Surrey

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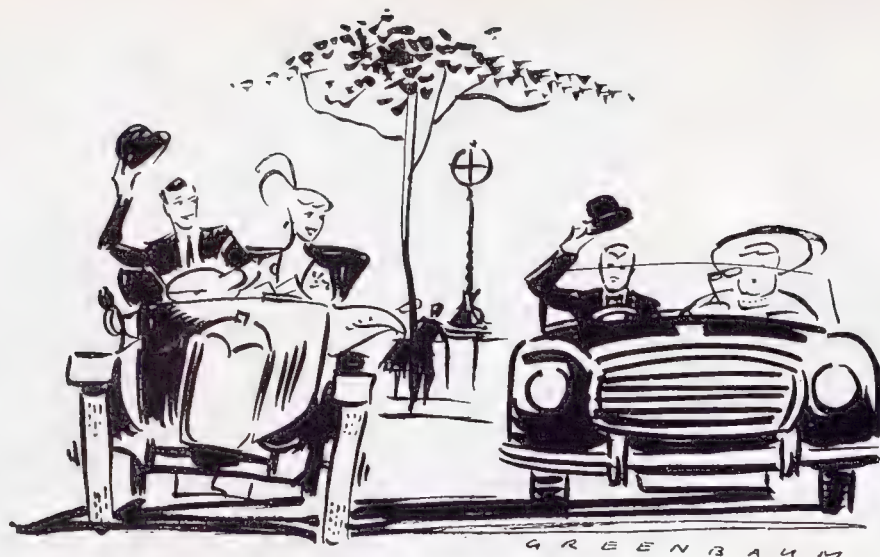
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Motoring

THE HOBBS GEAR

Oliver Stewart



IT is some years since I gave a welcome to the Hobbs transmission, a British automatic gear, and since then we have had the announcement that the Lanchester "Sprite" would be fitted with it. But apart from this, progress seemed slow. Now we have a most interesting and reassuring statement issued by the company. It seems that B.S.A. have bought for their subsidiary, the Daimler Company, the controlling interest in Hobbs Transmission Ltd.

In the broadest terms I interpret this as meaning that a powerful effort is to be made to develop a British automatic transmission for British cars. The "Sprite" will shortly be in production and thereafter there will be a drive to extend the uses of the transmission and to fit it to other models.

No one can question the engineering ability that has gone into several of the American automatic transmissions and I suppose it is true that the main reason one would like to see a British device in use is sentimental. But there is also the other reason; that United States automatic transmissions are typical of that great country in that they demand a lavish use of power. They are not effective in low powered cars. The Hobbs transmission shows promise of being as effective in low powered as in high powered machines.

GR EAT schemes are afoot to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the foundation of the Vintage Sports-Car Club. On September 10, it is intended to muster 300 veteran, Edwardian and vintage cars for a combined *concours d'élégance* and for demonstrations and competitions. The place will be Goodwood.

Proceedings are to start in the morning with garaging and acceleration tests between pairs of cars representing some of the leading makes. Among them will be the great names of Alvis, Bentley, Bugatti, Alfa-Romeo, Frazer-Nash, Lagonda, Sunbeam, Vauxhall, Mercedes-Benz, Hispano-Suiza and Invicta.

Looking through that list, I was reminded of one of the minor problems of motoring journalism. It is when to put a hyphen in a name and when to leave it out. Some of the great Continental firms are astonishingly casual about the spelling of their names; whereas most British firms are punctilious. If you leave out a hyphen in a British company's name there is usually trouble, but what is one to do with "Hispano-Suiza"? On their newspaper they use a hyphen, yet in some of their official publications they do not.

So far as I can remember (and unfortunately I have no reference by me!) Alfa-Romeo always put a hyphen in the radiator plaque;

but do not do so on some of their official documents, where one would expect it.

FEW motor vehicle drivers give much thought to the effects of the size and colour of a vehicle upon other road users; yet my belief is that the effects can be important. Take an extreme case: a line of cars is being overtaken by a motor coach at the wrong moment. The coach is forced to go over to its wrong side of the road. There arises the problem of oncoming traffic and who gives way first.

Indubitably the coach, being on the wrong side of the road, should give way, fall back behind the row of cars and wait for a better opening. But if it is a particularly large coach and if it is coloured white and has much gleaming chromium on the front, the probability is that oncoming traffic will give way early and let the coach through.

SHOULD, on the other hand, the same driving mistake be made by someone with a small, shabby car, he will find that other traffic will not give way to him. It is the result of the effects of size and colour. Some of the vaunted fine driving of London's motor bus men is the outcome of the simple fact that they are in control of an enormous, brightly coloured vehicle and that other traffic tends to give way.

The effects are so marked that the subject might almost be worth study by one of the research organizations. And they are worth bearing in mind when selecting a colour scheme for a new car. Black may be the colour of choice because of its unobtrusiveness; but sharp white is probably the colour that will give a greater degree of road safety.

More matter has been issued about the Earls Court Motor Show which takes place from October 19-29. The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders says that the interest expressed by people abroad who intend to visit the show is greater than it has ever been before. Last year some 7,500 visitors came over and the total "home" attendance was well over half a million. In all, this year 534 exhibitors have been nominated, and of these 56 will be in the car section.

The question in many peoples' minds is largely concerned with the number of new British models to be shown. Rumour has been busy and the general indication is that this year will reverse the previous situation in which nearly all the innovators were foreign manufacturers.

Let it be hoped that very vigorous efforts will be made to ensure the highest standards of catering for the show. It is a platitude that people's appreciation of an event of this kind can be made or marred by the food they are able to obtain.

THE Volkswagen successes have come as a shock to some people in the British industry. I do not mean that they do not appreciate good work when they see it, or that they are envious of the Volkswagen achievements; but they are certainly worried about maintaining a position in certain markets when the German competition builds up to its peak. The new Volkswagen factory at Hanover, for instance, now nearly ready, will step up the productive capacity for this car very considerably.

The factory was scheduled to be erected in 190 days, and prodigies of labour have been in progress in order to keep to that schedule.



THE "SPRITE," Lanchester's roomy and economical 1½ litre saloon, will be the first car to be fitted with the Hobbs automatic gear—an all-British design whose development will be watched with keen interest

GAVARNI, the Artist, and his Critic is the frontispiece to *The Mirror Of Art* (Phaidon Press, 18s.), an invaluable and fascinating translation by Jonathan Mayne of critical studies by Baudelaire. It will come as a surprise to many that the author of *Les Fleurs du Mal* was one of the best art critics of 19th-century France



Book Reviews

(Continuing from page 370)

Battle of Texas-on-Thames

One may feel that, on the whole, Maurice Browne writes most happily when his pen is turned away from himself. The closing chapters are serene: ultimately, all things fall into harmony. One is left with a sober sense of this man's achievement. One cannot doubt that the work he did for the British theatre has done much towards its prestige today.

★ ★ ★

TRUMPETS OVER MERRIFORD, by Reginald Arkell (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), is a highly contemporary comedy-idyll. Subject, an English village "invaded" by American airmen. Merriford, "on the top of the Thames," has been not too kindly treated by changing times—a very old vicar holds the fort, economics have ousted the squire. Pretty as a picture, sleepy as a summer lime, the old place does at least seem likely to be spared "progress" in its acuter forms. Sweet are the wildflowers in its meadows, heady (as of old) the cider in its pub.

Then the blow falls. Reuben Watts burst into the taproom of the Thatchers Arms with a strange tale to tell. "War hev started all over agen," he announced. "They Americans has landed and as took the old airdrome. . . ." Investigation proved that old Reuben was very nearly right. A detachment of American engineers had indeed taken over a small emergency landing ground, laid out during the war, and were converting it into an advanced air base "to protect Chicago and Minneapolis from Stalin and his Mongol hordes." Convulsions heave round Merriford's settled world—bulldozers get busy, woods are felled, landmarks are flattened out.

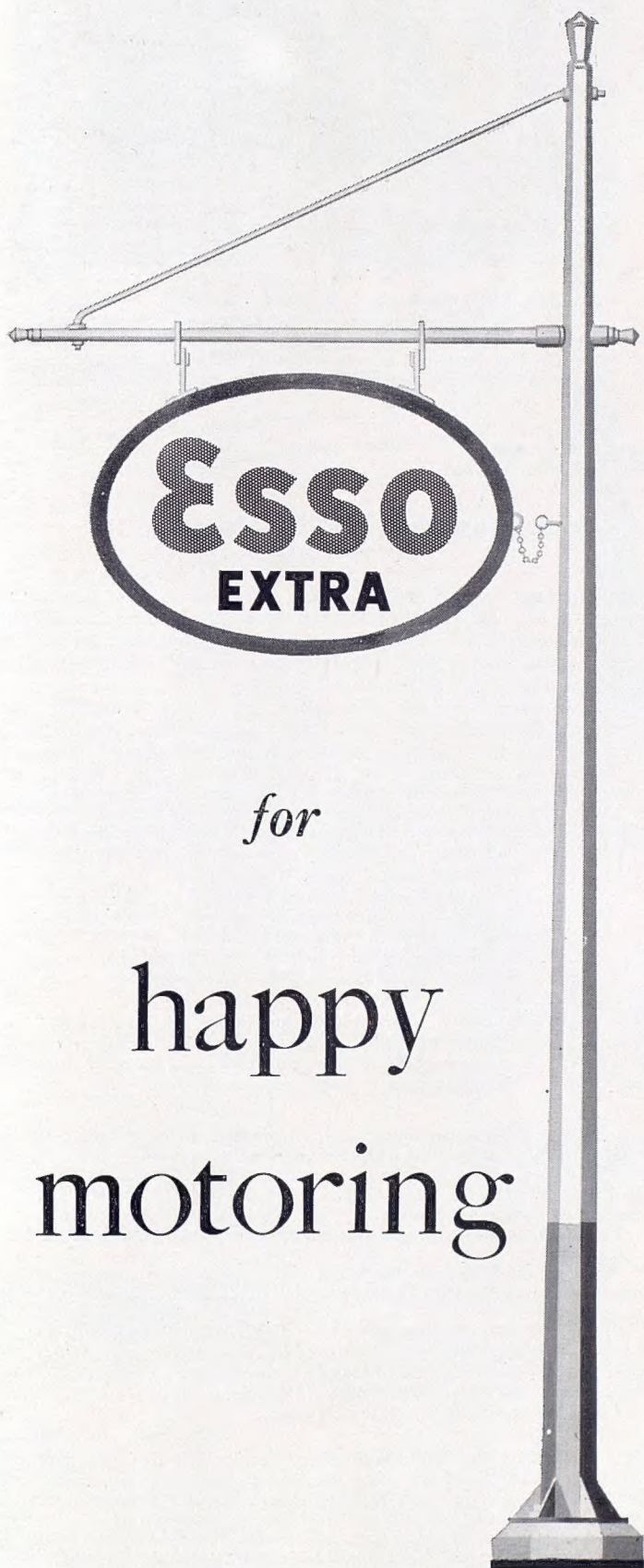
AND SOON, too soon, all is in train. Other Americans move in; bombers start flying. "The most frightening thing of all was the noise. All flying, it seemed, had to be done at night. . . . Engines roared and the earth shook." Nor do the air base personnel, homesick Texans with dead-pan faces, appear to be God's great gift to social Merriford. Decidedly, the villagers are *not* friendly.

The youthful Base Commander's call on the vicar, and his outburst of hurt feelings, are deliciously pictured. International ice is broken, not without scenes of farce. The church bells crisis is coped with. Cupid efficiently shoots a dart. Stylishly sentimental is this novel—and, indeed, something better than that. Your reviewer burst into tears when—(one must not reveal the rest of the story). *Trumpets Over Merriford* should appeal to all dwellers in the now American Zone of Britain. So true, fair and gay are its summings-up that I do hope this book will go to America.

★ ★ ★

HELL'S PAVEMENT, by Josephine Bell (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) is, as its title suggests, about good intentions. The novel's heroine, Sally Fulton, is a hospital almoner with a saddening past—her marriage to Tony, a radiologist, broke up after less than a year, and she is back again, all alone, at her job. To her colleagues Sally is "Saintly Sarah": she is, indeed, one of those young women who seem doomed to behave rather too well. Yet one can't help liking her—which is Miss Bell's triumph. Accordingly, the reader is agitated when Sally imperils her second romance (and certainly this is Mr. Right, this time) by going off at a tangent in the attempt to redeem a hopeless young person she thinks she's wronged.

Hazel, as all but Sally can see, should have been left to go to the bad in her own way: as it is, well-meant intervention seals Hazel's doom. Miss Bell has perhaps pictured an extreme case. Whether that or not, she tells the story engagingly and, best of all, convincingly. The hospital background, with its gossip and dramas, against which must be balanced courage and suffering, is excellent: so are the touched-in cases, all "problems," with which Sally, as almoner, has to deal. Good reading.



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DINING IN

Ways with egg whites

ALL during the summer months, when we use egg yolks for mayonnaise and Hollandaise and Béarnaise sauces, it is astonishing how many egg whites pile up in the refrigerator.

Recently, I had waiting a total of twelve egg whites and decided that an Almond Angel type of cake, to be served with peaches and cream, would make a very pleasant sweet. Here is the recipe I evolved:

Sift together 3 teacups fine caster sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, 1 cup of ground almonds and a level teaspoon of fine salt. Whip the 12 egg whites until they are stiff but not as dry as for meringues. Add a teaspoon of the best vanilla essence. Fold the dry ingredients through and through them, without over-mixing. Finally, slowly stir in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of cooled melted butter.

Turn into a greased and floured deep 9-inch cake tin and bake for just a little more than an hour in a moderately slow oven (Regulo 3 or 350 deg. F.). Turn out and, when cold, top with very slightly sweetened whipped cream and sliced peaches. This serves 8 people, with some left over. Half the amounts can be baked in a 7-inch tin.

Incidentally, an electric mixer makes short work of whipping whites of egg.

ANOTHER very attractive sweet is made thus: Whip 2 to 3 egg whites until stiff and dry. Add 2 oz. caster sugar and whip until the mixture stands up again. Add another $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. caster sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence. Have ready, mixed together, 8 cream crackers, crushed into crumbs, and 4 oz. finely chopped nuts, walnuts for preference. Fold them into the beaten egg whites and sugar. Turn the mixture into a 7 to 8-in. flan tin, lined with greased greaseproof paper, and bake for 35 to 40 minutes in a slow oven (Regulo 2 or 325 deg. F.). Turn out and, when cold, top with ice cream.

Macaroons are another very profitable way of making use of egg whites. Here is an old, tried favourite: Mix together in a bowl 8 oz. caster sugar, 4 oz. ground almonds and 2 large egg whites. Work together by hand for up to 10 minutes. (In an electric mixer, about 2 minutes.) Add $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ground rice and a few drops of almond essence.

Cut rice paper into squares and place them on a baking-sheet. Fit a $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. pipe into a piping bag and pipe small rounds down on to each square. Allow for the mixture spreading. Place a halved almond on each and bake for 20 to 25 minutes in a moderately slow oven (Regulo 3 or 350 deg. F.). Tear off the rice paper surrounding the macaroons.

JAPONAISE or Nut Meringue Cakes are very special little sandwiched rounds, easy to make, but very "professional" withal.

Whisk 4 egg whites until stiff, but not as dry as for meringues. Sprinkle in 4 oz. caster sugar. Add 3 to 4 drops almond essence and whip again to bring back the original stiffness. Have ready, sifted together, 4 oz. caster sugar and 8 oz. ground almonds. Fold these lightly into the whipped egg whites, then spread the mixture level into a well greased and floured 10 by 6-to 7-in. tin. Bake in a moderate oven until almost set.

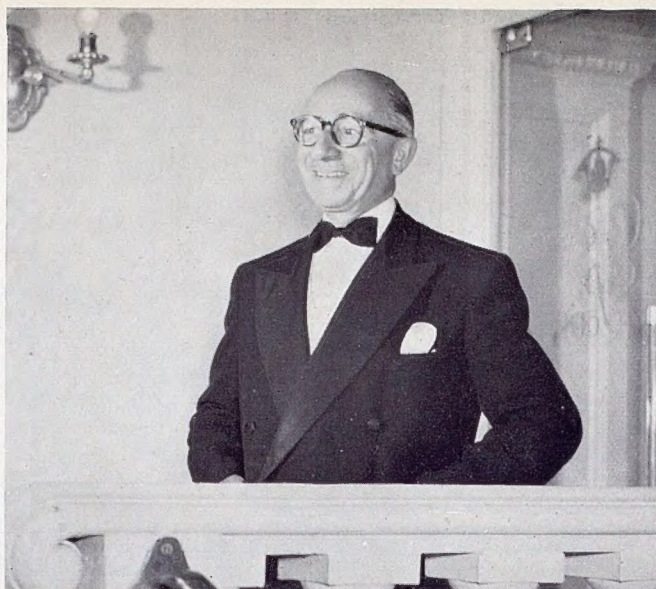
With a $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2-in. cutter, stamp out as many rounds as possible. Slip back into the oven to dry out and become really firm. Remove to a cake rack. Let the trimmings dry out completely. When cold, roll them into crumbs.

Dot half the rounds with butter icing. Press the remaining rounds on top to spread the icing. Then, around the edges of the sandwiched rounds, spread more butter icing and roll each in the macaroon-like crumbs. Spread more butter icing on top of each "sandwich" and dip each in the crumbs; to be coated. Dot the centre top of each "sandwich" with a speck of the icing.

—Helen Burke



"Cynthia! You're not to play with your food!"



Ivon de Wynter

AMORI, MANAGER OF THE CAFÉ DE PARIS, comes from Urbino, Raphael's birthplace. After Rome and the Riviera he arrived in England in 1913 and gained experience in all the great hotels. He opened L'Écu de France (1937) and managed the London Casino and Manettas before going on to the Café de Paris

DINING OUT

Any advance on sixteen?

I REMEMBER when I was at school one was for ever playing such games as: "How many Christian names can you remember? How many surnames? How many places have you been to?" In later years it was: "How many pubs have you visited? How many hotels have you stayed at?" and so on *ad infinitum*.

I have fallen into the trap again due to my helicopter trip to lunch at Sandwich Bay. Somebody asked: "How many different methods have you employed to go to lunch?" I make it sixteen and as far as I am concerned it must be the end of the road, unless somebody takes me to lunch in a space ship or a submarine, which is unlikely.

This reminds me of some of the happiest days of my life spent with Hilaire Belloc, and one of his verses which was called "The End Of The Road," part of which went like this:

"Walked I, went I, paced I, tripped I,
Marched I, held I, skelped I, slipped I,
Pushed I, panted, swung and dashed I;
Picked I, forded, swam and splashed I,
Strolled I, climbed I, crawled and scrambled,
Dropped and dipped I, ranged and rambled;

.....
Lingered, loitered, limped and crept I,
Clambered, halted, stepped and leapt I,"
[I can add, and I know I'm forgiven]

"Cycled, motored, helicopt I."

APART from taking people to lunch I have been taken to task by Michael Martell. I mentioned when writing about my holiday in France that I had seen many peculiar bottles with the names of famous firms in Cognac on them, exhorting all and sundry to dilute the precious contents with everything from soda to sarsaparilla.

I said that it seemed a plot was being hatched and what was M. Martell doing about it.

He writes from Cognac suggesting that I must be as blind as a bat if I failed to observe Martell's Dry Pale "which is to be seen everywhere." Pardon, monsieur.

This is not all. Another letter from Cognac has arrived, this time from M. Jean Burnez, managing director of Maison Prunier, who states that his firm was probably the first to mature a special Dry Cognac to be used for long drinks, and they actually mark it "Prunier B. & S."

I can foresee a world shortage of syphons.

IF you travel the Brighton Road or are looking for somewhere within fifteen miles of London where you can escape from the turmoil and get some fresh air, Jennett's Restaurant and Country Club on the Dorking Road, near Tadworth, is well worth a visit.

There are not many places out of town where you can turn up at ten o'clock at night and order *pâté de foie gras*, lobster Mornay and fillet steak, which will be prepared by a first-class chef, accompanied by a bottle of wine from an extensive wine list, and have the whole affair served in a proper manner with every attention. Leslie Hargreaves, the proprietor, acts as a very energetic chief receptionist; sees that everybody gets what they want; and no matter what the hour there is not the slightest suggestion that it would be a good idea if you took to the road again.

—I. Bickerstaff

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CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE INCLUDE: An article by Michael Sheridan on Carpets in which he gives some facts to aid when buying. Elizabeth Hay talks of bulb-work in September and labour-saving devices for the garden. Janet Darby's cookery article deals with meat dishes garnished with fruit and, in her article on Beauty, Chrysis gives some exercises to beautify and maintain facial contours. There is also a special 7-page supplement on Lighting and Heating and, beginning with this issue, *Britannia* and *EVE* introduces its Pattern Service to readers . . . short stories, knitting, book reviews, shopping, fashion—all in the September *Britannia* and *EVE*.

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